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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The Public and Private Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon; with Selections from his Correspondence.
By Horace Twiss, Esq., one of Her Majesty's Counsel. 3 vols. 8vo. J. Murray.

ALTHOUGH published only one week, many hundred copies of this work (nearly the whole of a large edition, we believe) are already in the hands of readers, who are devouring its pages, wherever we have heard them mentioned, with very high gratification. This is anticipating what would otherwise have been our pleasant critical duty; but as it is, we must be content to follow where we cannot lead; and such is the variety and interest of the materials before us, we perceive that a *LITERARY Gazette* must devote a considerable portion of its attention to that following.

Lord Eldon has, we think, been fortunate in his choice of a biographer to put together and cement the history of his illustrious grandsire. Much information, judgment, and skill were requisite for the proper performance of the task. A man conversant with the world, and especially with those classes of society among which the lord chancellor lived, was needed to select its lighter and anecdotal features. A man of legal attainments was required to superintend all that related to the lawyer and administration of the laws. A man of much political intelligence, who had sat in parliament and held office, was peculiarly pointed out as the fittest person to estimate the acts of the statesman, shew the bearings of his policy, and discuss his relations with the distinguished individuals, his associates or his adversaries, in the important conflicts of half a century of clashing opinions and most momentous events. Add to these, a general attachment to literature from the earliest youth; and you have in Mr. Twiss all the qualifications which have done justice to his theme, and made this book, at the same time, one of the most agreeable for its mere entertainment, and instructive for its historical statements, which has issued from the press during the many years we have had cognisance of its doings. We have heard a few of the political points questioned, by opponents holding different sentiments, which will probably be urged in the organs which speak with their voice; but none have occurred to us of sufficient consequence to provoke even a momentary investigation: and with these short prefatory remarks, we proceed to make our friends, away from London and in distant parts of the earth, acquainted with some of the traits of this popular performance.

The leading incidents of Lord Eldon's life—his birth, parentage, education, and behaviour—are familiar to every body. His father—whom Mr. Twiss (it was hardly worth while?) tries to trace to the Scotts of Balwearie, a Fifeshire branch older than the Buccleuch, and now represented by Scott of Ancrum—was a highly reputable hostman of Newcastle-upon-Tyne,—a factor between the owners of coal-mines and the shippers of that fuel in exportation. He died worth some 30,000*l*. By a chance-medley in the '45, his mother was hurriedly removed from Newcastle, and gave birth to his

elder brother, William, afterwards the eminent Lord Stowell, in the county palatine of Durham. This fortuitous circumstance was the foundation of the splendid rise of the family. A scholarship on a Durham bequest enabled William to go to the university of Oxford, where he rapidly advanced in esteem and influence. Thus when John, born in 1751, attained an age when he could avail himself of similar advantages, he found a college and a fraternal tutor ready to receive him. The natural gifts of both were accordingly nurtured in the best school; and accomplished, and learned, and constitutionally healthful and ardent, the world was all before them where to choose, and Providence, whose favour and blessing had been poured upon them from the cradle, their gratefully acknowledged Guide.

The stories of the future chancellor's boyhood and school-days afford very natural pictures of the feelings and manners of persons belonging to their station in the north of England about the middle of last century. His frolics and juvenile tricks were many, and his floggings, in reward thereof, not few. But these were also his dancing-days:—

"I remember," said Lord Eldon, "my father coming to my bedside to accuse Harry and me of having robbed an orchard; some one had come to complain. Now my coat was lying by my bed, with its pockets full of apples, and I had hid some more under the bed-clothes, when I heard my father on the stairs: and I was at that moment suffering intolerable torture from those I had eaten. Yet I had the audacity to deny the fact. We were twice flogged for it. I do not know how it was, but we always considered robbing an orchard as an honourable exploit. I remember once being carried before a magistrate for robbing an orchard—'boxing the fox,' as we called it. There were three of us,—Hewit Johnson, another boy, and myself. The magistrate acted upon what I think was rather curious law; for he fined our fathers each thirty shillings for our offence. We did not care for that, but then they did: so my father flogged me, and then sent a message to Moises [his schoolmaster], and Moises flogged me again. We were very good boys, very good indeed: we never did any thing worse than a robbery." Mrs. Forster adds: "When any of his boys were not down stairs at the proper time in the morning, Mr. Scott used to ascend to their room with a pair of leather taws, which he laid across the delinquents' shoulders. Harry and Jack being rather fond of their beds, and apt to receive this chastisement pretty often, determined upon stealing the taws, an exploit they successfully achieved. From that time Mr. Scott, who never replaced them, used to go to their room with his hand under his dressing-gown, as if ready to inflict the usual punishment, while the boys lay still until the last moment in secure enjoyment. These taws, a piece of strong leather cut into several thongs, were produced every year at my grandfather's (Henry's) house, when my uncle (Lord Eldon) was with him, and they used to recount, with the greatest glee and triumph, this exploit of stealing them, and their amusement in seeing the old gentleman enter their room

with his hand under his dressing-gown." "I believe," said Lord Eldon to Mrs. Forster, "I have preached more sermons than any one who is not a clergyman. My father always had the church service read on the Sunday evenings, and a sermon after it. Harry and I used to take it in turns to read the prayers or to preach: we always had a shirt put on over our clothes to answer for a surplice.—I should have been a very good dancer, only they never could get this left arm to conduct itself gracefully: and yet I had eight dancing-masters. I remember one of them complaining that I took no pains with that left arm. 'I do not know how it is,' said he, 'Mr. Moises says you are a very good boy, but I do not find you so.' I had the impudence to look him up in the face, and say, 'But you are not Mr. Moises, sir.' Mrs. Forster. 'But I remember, uncle, hearing of Master Jacky being celebrated for the hornpipes he danced at Christmas: there was an old keelman in the hospital at Newcastle, who talked of your hornpipes.' Lord Eldon. 'Oh, yes, I danced hornpipes: at Christmas, when my father gave a supper and a dance at Love Lane to all the keelmen in his employ, Harry and I always danced hornpipes.' Mrs. Forster adds, 'the supper which, about Christmas, Mr. Scott used to give his keelmen, was what was called a binding supper; that was a supper when the terms, on which they were to serve for the ensuing year, were agreed upon. Pattersen, the last surviving keelman in Mr. Scott's employment, dined in our kitchen every Christmas-day until his death, about ten years ago. He expatiated with great delight upon the splendid hornpipe that Master Jacky regularly danced for their amusement after these suppers.' This veteran was not destitute in his old age; and Lord Stowell made him an annual present to add to his comforts at Christmas. 'I believe,' said Lord Eldon to Mrs. Forster, 'no shoemaker ever helped to put on more ladies' shoes than I have done. At the dancing school, the young ladies always brought their dancing shoes with them, and we deemed it a proper piece of etiquette to assist the pretty girls in putting them on. In those days, girls of the best families wore white stockings only on the Sundays, and one week-day which was a sort of public day: on the other days, they wore blue Doncaster woollen stockings with white tags. We used, when we were at the Head School, early on the Sunday mornings, to steal flowers from the gardens in the neighbourhood of the Forth, and then we presented them to our sweethearts. Oh, those were happy days—we were always in love then."

Such a lad as this was very likely to fall very soon in love; and we learn, without surprise, that college, and choice of profession, and prospects of every kind, were laid upon the altar of its god, Cupid, and on the 18th of November (no gloomy month to them), Miss Elizabeth Surtees, aged eighteen, the daughter of a Newcastle banker, descended, like Jessica, from a window in her father's house into the arms of her sweetheart, and eloped into Scotland, at about the nearest border-church, Blackshields, near Fala. They were married on the follow-

ing day. Mr. Twiss truly states, "Miss Surtees had no fortune of her own; and Mr. John Scott had nothing to maintain her with, except his industry and talents. In such circumstances, it was natural that the parents of both parties should disapprove the match."

In a few pages, he repeats: "The friends of both parties, however, were greatly chagrined by the match. 'Jack Scott has run off with Bessy Surtees,' exclaimed Mr. Moises, 'and the poor lad is undone!' The father of the bride was so much displeased, that for some time he would not even speak to the bridegroom's father, with whom he had before been on friendly terms."

In referring to this culminating affair in Lord Eldon's career, we hope we may be excused for introducing an extremely characteristic anecdote of our own. Having some years since written several volumes of Messrs. Fisher's *National Portrait-Gallery*, which gave finely engraved likenesses of eminent men, and brief sketches of their lives, we took as much pains as we could, where we had personal access to requisite information, to be as correct as possible. By this means, and the communications that ensued, some of the most important of these sketches (we say it without an egotistical boast) acquired an undoubted historical value, hardly to be looked for from their brevity.* Among others we enjoyed the honour of a considerable correspondence with Lord Eldon, whilst he was recreating his vacation with the sports of the field in Dorsetshire. The sheet in which the account of his marriage was given, and it must be confessed in rather the ornate and flowery style of romance-authorship (which Mr. Twiss has judiciously avoided) was submitted to his lordship; and returned by him with all our elaborately fine writing remorselessly struck out, and on the margin these words: "*At this time he ran away with his wife, and got married in Scotland; a match which was extremely disagreeable to both their families, as neither of them had any fortune or provision to begin with in the world, nor any prospect except in his industry.*"

The precision of his lordship's character was also manifested in many other corrections and suggestions. We recollect that he was not quite sure of the date assigned for some step in his progress towards the bar; and we got a long letter of instruction to go to a certain office between the Middle Temple Hall and the Gardens; and if we failed there, to a certain other place in the City; and if we failed there, to a certain office elsewhere,—and all to ascertain whether it was on a Tuesday or Wednesday, the 9th or the 10th of a particular month! We have a delighted memory of his lordship's kindness throughout all the trouble we imposed upon him; not forgetting some of the produce of his gun.

And speaking of matters of this sort (not comparing small things with great), we trust we are betraying no confidence if we repeat what we have learnt, and set the public right in the midst of the usual multitude of vague and unfounded literary rumours which are afloat respecting the present work. Mr. Twiss, we have delivered our opinion, has done it every justice: so also has thought Lord Eldon, from whom he received the commission to execute it, and so interesting a mass of the data of which it consists. Mr. Twiss has published it on his own account, and is the holder of the copyright—which is already, and will continue to be, a very profitable remuneration for his labours. But what is infinitely

* See *Lives of Canning, Huskisson, Perceval, &c. &c.*

more gratifying to the literary man than the absolutely necessary pounds, shillings, and pence, he received another reward, and bestowed in a manner which must have tenfold increased its value to his breast. When completed, and not till then, a letter was delivered to him from Lord Eldon, in which his lordship expressed his entire satisfaction with what he had done, and enclosed, as an acknowledgment, which he had not done before lest it might be thought to bias the impartiality of his pen—a draft for one thousand pounds! And we take pleasure in recording this fact, so honourable to both parties, because we hear it mentioned in every circle that Lord E. had paid Mr. Twiss 1000*l.* for editing the "Life;" as if it had been a bargain between them for a business to be executed and remunerated according to a trading agreement. On the contrary, Mr. Twiss performed his part *con amore*, and the noble earl shewed a generous sense of the unbought service rendered to his ancestor.

But to some of the miscellaneous and amusing matters, which even in this first of our review we must extract from the work. About 1774-5, "Mr. John Scott gave lectures on the law as deputy for Sir Robert Chambers the Vinerian Professor; and for this service he appears to have had 60*l.* a year. Talking to Mrs. Forster of these lectures, Lord Eldon said, 'The most awkward thing that ever occurred to me was this: immediately after I was married, I was appointed Deputy Professor of Law at Oxford, and the law professor sent me the first lecture, which I had to read immediately to the students, and which I began without knowing a single word that was in it. It was upon the statute of young men running away with maidens. Fancy me reading, with about one hundred and forty boys and young men all giggling at the professor. Such a tittering audience no one ever had. The first cause I ever decided was an apple-pie cause: I must tell you of it, Mary. I was, you know, a senior fellow at University College, and two of the undergraduates came to complain to me, that the cook had sent them an apple-pie that could not be eaten. So I said I would hear both sides. I summoned the cook to make his defence; who said that he always paid the utmost attention to the provisions of the College, that he never had any thing unfit for the table, and that there was then a remarkably fine fillet of veal in the kitchen. Now here we were at fault; for I could not understand what a fillet of veal in the kitchen had to do with an apple-pie in the Hall. So, in order that I might come to a right understanding of the merits of the case, I ordered the pie itself to be brought before me. Then came an easy decision: for the messenger returned and informed me, that the other undergraduates had taken advantage of the absence of the two complainants, and had eaten the whole of the apple-pie: so you know it was impossible for me to decide that that was not eatable which was actually eaten. I often wished in after-life that all the causes were apple-pie causes: fine easy work it would have been.'"

"It has been supposed that, at this period of Mr. John Scott's life, he was indebted to his brother William for an income in the nature of an allowance. This is an error. He had loans from his brother, and probably presents; and his correspondence shews, that to the very end of his life he considered himself under deep obligations for his brother's early and unvarying kindness; but he told a familiar friend, not many years before his death, that he never had an allowance, except from his father."

This agrees entirely with the correspondence

to which we have alluded; as does also the singularly interesting anecdote of the coach motto, "*Sat cito, si sat bene*," so well told, vol. i. p. 49, *et seq.*, and more briefly in Messrs. Fisher's *Gallery*, from his lordship's memoranda. Of Oxford jokes the following may serve as examples:—

"A clergyman had two churches, Newbury and Bibury; and, instead of dividing the duties equally between them, chose always to perform the morning service at the former, and the evening service at the latter. Being asked his reason, he made answer: 'I go to *nubere* in the morning, because that is the time to marry; and I go to *bibere* in the evening, because that is the time to drink.'"

"The Anecdote-book gives the following account of a piece of boyish drollery practised by Reay, upon one of those aspirants who court immortality by writing their names and their nonsense upon the glass of inn windows:—'Reay and I went up from Oxford to London together. We dined at March's, Maidenhead Bridge; and upon the window Reay observed that a person of Chipping Norton, whose name I now forget, had written that he dined there on a leg of mutton, upon a day and a year mentioned in what was written. When we got to the Somerset Coffee House, Reay sent him a letter, stating that as he had thought it important to inform the public that he had dined at Maidenhead Bridge, and upon a leg of mutton, he must have expected that some of the public would inquire how the mutton had agreed with him; and he therefore took the liberty of sending such an inquiry, from his friend Tom Comical. Next day he sent him a double letter, hoping that, as probably he had potatoes with his mutton, *they* had not disagreed with him. Two days afterwards he sent a treble letter, representing that as his friend Tom Comical had received no answer to his inquiry how the mutton and potatoes had agreed with him, he had probably made a mistake, and should have inquired how the mutton and French beans, or some other vegetables, had agreed with him, and assured him that he should repeat his kind and anxious inquiries every day till his answer came. We were soon afterwards obliged to return to college, and, stopping at March's, we found that the pane had been taken out of the window and a new one put in its place. Whilst we were looking at the window, old March came in, and, observing us, he said, 'Ay, ay, one of you must be the gentleman that sent the person who has been here from Chipping Norton so many letters. Poor man; he came all the way from Chipping Norton, twenty miles on the other side of Oxford, and insisted upon seeing the pane of glass, the leg of mutton, and all the rest, taken out of the window, and a new pane put in, before he would eat a morsel.'"

We may here remark on the admirable way in which the occupant of the woolsack was wont to season his easier hours with facetiae and wit of the most charming description; inasmuch that whenever he was a guest, it used to be a struggle among the highest ladies in the land to get a seat near the chancellor, and we have witnessed peeresses almost pull caps for the pleasure of sitting next to him at table.

[To be continued.]

Essays on Natural History, chiefly Ornithology: with a Continuation of the Autobiography of the Author. By Charles Waterton, Esq., author of "Wanderings." Second series. 12mo, pp. 328. London, Longman and Co. The author ought never to give up the title of

"Wanderings;" for he his theme abroad or at home, he never ceases to wander. "Here awa, there awa, wandering Willy," should be his epigraph, from the Scotch ballad; and a portrait of the Wandering Jew riding a cayman, his frontispiece.

The autobiographical continuation, occupying 142 pages, is unique; and the natural history of the writer a natural curiosity. Apparently a gentleman of a limited number of ideas, amiable, benevolent, and credulous, he zig-zags through an agreeable life, hobby-horsically,

"Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

It is somewhere about seven years since the first series amused us; and the nearly nine years of the Roman prescription for authorship has made no alteration in the fashion or form of Mr. Waterton's writing. One proof of his kindness of heart and consideration we must instance from the preface, where he says:

"The volume which I now present to an indulgent public is an unsolicited donation to the widow of my poor departed friend Mr. Loudon, whose vast labours in the cause of science have insured to him an imperishable reputation. If this trifling present on my part shall be the medium of conveying one single drop of balm to the wound which it has pleased Heaven lately to inflict on the heart of that excellent lady, my time will have been well employed, and my endeavours amply requited."

We can scarcely bring our pen to treat lightly of a volume so justly and generously devoted; but if we have a laugh, it shall not be an ill-natured one.

The autobiography is fortunately adorned with a steam-boat collision and wreck; but for which it would have been nothing beyond daily trifles. For example, we are told how Mr. W. repaired a pile of outbuildings at his seat, Walton Hall, "composing an oblong square of forty-five yards in length, and thirty-six in breadth, independent of the dog-kennel, fowl-house, sheds, and potato-vaults." This exploit he performed in such a way as (he continues) "to banish the Hanoverian rat, for ever, I trust, from these premises, where their boldness had surpassed that of the famished wolf, and their depredations in the long-run had exceeded those of Cacus, who was known to have stolen all the milk cows of Hercules. The rats have made themselves so remarkably scarce, that if I were to offer twenty pounds sterling money for the capture of a single individual, in or about any part of the premises, not one could be procured. History informs us that Hercules sent the Harpies neck and crop into Stympalus; and that Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain drove all the Moors back into Africa; and in our times we see thousands of poor Englishmen forced into exile by the cruel workings of Dutch William's national debt. When I am gone to dust, if my ghost should hover o'er the mansion, it will rejoice to hear the remark, that Charles Waterton, in the year of grace 1839, effectually cleared the premises at Walton Hall of every Hanoverian rat, young and old." So novel a consolation for a perturbed spirit would do honour to the invention of a rat-catcher. Why should not Charles Waterton have the "remark" engraved upon his monument?

His facet
C. W. of W. H.
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Who not only navigated the Essequibo on the bark of a crocodile, but effectually cleared his premises in Yorkshire of every Hanoverian rat, young and old.—Year of grace 1839.

Too late to try the experiment upon a poor fellow who died of hydrophobia, Mr. W. relates the effects of wourali poison upon an ass in Nottingham (not an elector); it was called *Wouralia* ever after, and lived 24 years at Walton Hall, though operated upon till apparently dead, and then restored to assinine life and consciousness, and bled away to pastures new and plentiful. The non sequitur of this description of the fatal mad dog and the half-murdered donkey affairs is exquisite. But another important circumstance drags us onward; and is thus recorded.

"Spring passed rapidly away, and when summer had set in, I began to make arrangements of a domestic nature for a visit to the eternal city, not having been there since the year 1818. Whilst things were thus in progression, I had well nigh lost a servant by a singular accident. One of my swans having died by disease, and its mate by the horns of an unruly cow, I had the offer of a noble pair from the good Jesuits at Stonyhurst to supply their place. My game-keeper having gone to meet them on the way, his return was momentarily expected. The night was dark beyond precedent, and the servant, hearing the noise of the vehicle, ran to the bridge in order to be of assistance. But he missed his way by about three yards from the inner gate, and went at full speed over the paved walk into the lake below. I was standing by the window at the time, and hearing a plunge which I could not account for, I sprang out of the window and hastened to the spot from whence the noise had proceeded. There I heard a struggle in the water, and I instantly called out to the man and told him to make for the sound of my voice. He did so, and he managed, by exertions of his feet and hands, to reach the side of the wall, where I laid hold of him and pulled him up by main force. He was so confounded by the suddenness of the accident, that at first he knew not what was the matter with him. When he had come a little more to himself, he said that he had been out of his depth, and considered that all was over with him, when, on hearing my voice, he turned to it, and got on his feet again by hard struggling. The rescue was effected by sound alone; for the dense and black clouds, together with the absence of the moon, had rendered the night as dark as it well could be."

Moral: whenever you tumble into the water, and are in danger of drowning, make, if you cannot see, for any noise you hear on the bank. Even were it a low of the cow with the crumpled horn, which led to the accident, strike out for it with all your might and main: you are not a swan, and a run on that bank will do you much good. If you have a master and a magistrate too, care nought for his "pulling you up" before him, nor think of the proverb that those who are born to be hanged will never be drowned. Any chance of a *pull* is better than the muddy bottom of a deep pool.

Having saved his man almost by a miracle, Mr. Waterton set out on his travels, and took Germany on his route that he might witness some of the more extraordinary miracles of Prince Hohenlohe. His testimony to the truth of these wonders will shew that there are other things besides clairvoyance, not dreamed of in our philosophy, which are nevertheless highly calculated to astonish the natives. He thus writes:

"Certainly it would not be difficult to ferret out sufficient cause why it has pleased Omnipotence to withhold from England in these latter ages a frequency of those supernatural occurrences which history, both native and foreign,

does assure us, in the most positive terms, did take place in this island during the long period previous to what is generally termed the reformation. When our press teemed with remarks concerning the Prince of Hohenlohe, at the time that Almighty God, through his prayers and those of the church, had restored the arm of a nun at New Hall from the last stage of loathsome disease to one of perfect health and soundness, I determined to travel into Bavaria in order to gain indubitable information concerning the astonishing cures which were said to have taken place there, and also in many other parts of the continent. As I passed through Ghent, I saw two females who had been cured during the mass appointed by the prince to be said in Belgium, whilst he himself should be performing the same sacred rite in Bamberg. One of these was a young lady, by name Van Pettenghen, the daughter of a wine-merchant. She was so grateful to heaven for the cure, that she dedicated herself to serve the poor in the hospital of St. John for the remainder of her days. Thither I went to see her, and there I introduced to her Sir Charles Rowley, and his nephew, a post-captain in the navy, in order that they might receive the account of her miraculous cure from her own mouth, and at the same time have an opportunity of asking what questions they thought fit. On my arrival at Huttenheim, the virtuous secretary of the Prince of Hohenlohe shewed me piles upon piles of original documents, containing authenticated accounts of cures performed. One from America, upon Miss Mattingly, the daughter of a mayor, was peculiarly interesting to me; for I had arrived in the United States when the event was still talked over in the coffee-houses, and in private society. I passed a week at the house of the secretary, and during that time I had free access to the room which contained the accounts; and I spent much of my time in perusing them, with the scrutinous eye of a lawyer on a brief. So clear were the statements, and so respectably attested, that conviction flashed on my mind at the conclusion of every page. These original papers were copious enough to have formed many volumes; they contained the most satisfactory proofs of individuals being cured, at all periods of age, from the beggar to the prince. I was particularly struck with the cure of the Princess Schwartzenburg, and that of a French lady, who had been stone blind, and who had come all the way from the heart of France to Bamberg, where Prince Hohenlohe then resided. She attended at the mass, and no cure took place; a second mass was said on the following day, with no better effect; and then the prince told her to be resigned, as it seemed to be the will of God that she should remain in darkness. Still her hope did not abandon her, and she earnestly requested the prayers of the prince for a third time; he complied with her request; he said mass for her the day after, and her full sight was restored to her during the performance of it. On my road to Huttenheim through Ghent, an English gentleman, a total stranger to me at the time, came up whilst I was standing at the door of the Hôtel Royal, Place d'Armes, and after apologising for taking me aside, he said, he had been informed that I was going on a visit to the Prince of Hohenlohe's secretary; and upon that, he drew a paper from his side-pocket, containing an account of a sick relative of his, wishing for the prayers of the prince. She was prayed for accordingly; and it pleased God Almighty that she should die. I presented another case, which had been confided

to me in England. It was of a young woman who had been dismissed from the hospital as incurable; she was afflicted with a deep-rooted cancer, which had made terrible ravages in her face. She was prayed for, and she received a perfect cure."

What would the author of the Tale of a Tub have said to these facts, or what were even quarter-loaf muttons of the Lord Peter himself to them? Alas, Swift lived too soon, and in a country to which "supernatural occurrences" have for a long time been denied. Perhaps they may now be vouchsafed to us again: did not Whitefield get a pair of supernatural inexpressibles from the tollman, besides being permitted to pass through the pike without paying?

The annual liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius cost our wanderer a pilgrimage to Naples; but his piety and zeal were rewarded by witnessing the ceremony.

"A short time before the phial which contains the blood of St. Januarius was taken out of the chapel dedicated to him, in order to be placed upon the high altar in the cathedral, all the people joined in repeating the litany of the blessed Virgin, and in reciting aloud several other prayers. When these were finished, the silver bust of the saint was taken from the chapel in solemn and imposing procession, and was put upon the high altar. High mass was then performed, whilst the entire cathedral was densely filled with people. At the termination of high mass, the phial containing the blood was carried by one of the canons into the body of the cathedral, in order that every person present might have an opportunity of inspecting the blood and of kissing the phial, should he feel inclined to do so. There were two phials, a large one containing the blood as it had flowed from the wounds of the martyr at his execution, and a smaller one containing his blood mixed with sand, just as it had been taken from the ground on which it had fallen. These two phials were enclosed in a very strong and beautifully ornamented case of silver and glass. I kissed this case, and had a most satisfactory opportunity of seeing the blood in its solid state. Thousands of people, in all ranks of life, from the prince to the beggar, had the same opportunity with myself of witnessing the blood in its solid state; and the canon who held the case as I was looking most intently at it, turned it over and over many times, to prove to us that the blood was not liquid; and as he did this, he only touched the case with the extremities of his fingers. I ought to have mentioned above, that so soon as high mass had terminated, a number of females were admitted into the sanctuary. This was a kind of hereditary right, claimed and possessed by their families time out of mind, on account of their connexion with that of St. Januarius. These privileged women recited aloud the litany of the blessed Virgin; and they sent up other fervent prayers to heaven, accompanied with the most extraordinary gesticulations that can possibly be conceived. Strangers who know little or nothing of the Italian language, and who do not enter into the fervour occasioned by a scene like this, have sometimes taken it into their heads that these females are actually abusing the saint for not allowing his blood to liquefy so soon as they could wish. But this is a false surmise on their part. I was close to the females at the time that they were praying most fervently, and I heard neither threat nor abuse; all appeared excessive devotional fervour on their parts. At one o'clock p.m. by my watch, no symptoms whatever of a change in the blood had occurred. A vast number of people had

already left the cathedral, so that I found the temperature of the place considerably lowered. Precisely at a quarter before two in the afternoon the blood suddenly and entirely liquefied. The canon who held the case passed close by me, and afforded me a most favourable opportunity of accompanying him close up to the high altar, where I kissed the phial, and joined my humble prayers to those of the multitude who were blessing and praising Almighty God for this signal mark of his favour in the stupendous miracle which had just taken place. I kissed the phial again an hour after this, and again at the expiration of another hour, and so on, making in all five times, an hour always intervening betwixt each devotional salutation. By means of these repeated inspections of the blood, I saw that it remained in its liquid state without any apparent tendency to congelation, although the temperature of the cathedral had abated much by five o'clock in the evening, at which hour I kissed the phial for the last time that day. I had been in the cathedral for more than eight hours without once leaving it; and I had watched with intense interest every thing that had taken place on the occasion. This was on the 19th of September; and on the 23d of the same month I visited the cathedral again, betwixt the hours of nine and ten in the morning, just after high mass had been performed at the altar in the chapel of St. Januarius. I examined the blood most minutely; it formed one solid lump, and was quite immovable, as the canon turned the reliquary up and down and sideways before my face. There was no favour shewn. The poorest man in the cathedral had an equal opportunity of approaching the relic, and of inspecting it, with the queen dowager herself, who was there. The blood liquefied a few minutes before ten o'clock, and I examined it repeatedly in its liquid state with the same attention which I had shewn to it in the afternoon of the 19th. Nothing in the whole course of my life has struck me so forcibly as this occurrence. Every thing else in the shape of adventures now appears to me to be trivial and of no amount. I here state, in the most unqualified manner, my firm conviction that the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius is miraculous beyond the shadow of a doubt."

With such questions of belief it is not ours to meddle. Mr. W. is an enthusiastic devotee; and the line which divides that spirit from monomania is so narrow, we should feel sorely afraid to see any one we loved, possessed of it, sent before a jury *de lunatico inquirendo*, particularly in these days when the majority of murderers are only poor deluded lunatics! Connected with the subject of his religious persuasion, Mr. W. informs us at Rome:

"I got a sight of some things which have made a lasting impression on me; one of these was the titulus which was fixed over the head of our dying Saviour; a most learned rabbi of our days has proved its authenticity, if any new proof were wanting: for the historical records at the time of its being brought to Rome are so clear and positive, that no one who has any faith at all in history can doubt that this identical piece of wood is the same that was used on the cross, when our blessed Lord suffered for the sins of the world. The wood itself is sycamore, and the words appear as though they had been cut hastily into it by some sharp-pointed instrument."

Leaping from his sacred* to his scientific hobby, the next page states to us:

* Pertaining to this, however, we should mention a forthcoming new saint, who died in 1783; "who was

"The bird-market of Rome is held in the environs of the Rotunda, formerly the Pantheon. Nothing astonished me more than the quantities of birds which were daily exposed for sale during the season; I could often count above four hundred thrushes and blackbirds, and often a hundred robin red-breasts in one quarter of it; with twice as many larks, and other small birds in vast profusion. In the course of one day, seventeen thousand quails have passed the Roman custom-house; these pretty vernal and autumnal travellers are taken in nets of prodigious extent on the shores of the Mediterranean. In the spring of the year and at the close of summer, cartloads of ringdoves arrive at the stalls near the Rotunda. At first the venders were shy with me; but as we got better acquainted, nothing could surpass their civility, and their wishes to impart every information to me; and when they had procured a fine and rare specimen, they always put it in a drawer apart for me. These birdmen outwardly had the appearance of Italian banditti, but it was all outside and nothing more; they were good men notwithstanding their uncouth looks, and good Christians too, for I could see them waiting at the door of the church of the Jesuits by half-past four o'clock on a winter's morning, to be ready for the first mass."

And the narrative goes on with things earthly: "As you enter Rome at the Porta del Popolo, a little on your right is the great slaughter-house, with a fine stream of water running through it. It is probably inferior to none in Italy for an extensive plan, and for judicious arrangements. Here some seven or eight hundred pigs are killed on every Friday during the winter season. Nothing can exceed the dexterity with which they are despatched. About thirty of these large and fat black pigs are driven into a commodious pen, followed by three or four men, each with a sharp skewer in his hand, bent at one end, in order that it may be used with advantage. On entering the pen, these performers, who put you vastly in mind of assassins, make a rush at the hogs, each seizing one by the leg, amid a general yell of horror on the part of the victims. Whilst the hog and the man are struggling on the ground, the latter, with the rapidity of thought, pushes his skewer betwixt the fore leg and the body, quite into the heart, and there gives it a turn or two. The pig can rise no more, but screams for a minute or so, and then expires. 'This process is continued till they are all despatched, the brutes sometimes rolling over the butchers, and sometimes the butchers over the brutes, with a yelling enough to stun one's ears. In the mean time, the screams become fainter and fainter, and then all is silence on the death of the last pig. A cart is in attendance; the carcasses are lifted into it, and it proceeds through the street, leaving one or more dead hogs at the doors of the different pork-shops. No blood appears outwardly, nor is the internal hemorrhage prejudicial to the meat, for Rome

never seen loitering in the streets through which he passed from one church to another, where he spent nearly the whole of the day, either standing in profound recollection, or on his knees absorbed in prayer. Benedict was a Frenchman, born of very respectable parents in the diocese of Boulogne-sur-mer. His family knew not that he existed, having lost all trace of him from the time that he wrote his last letter to them on his way to Rome, where he passed the remainder of his life a voluntary beggar, unknown and unnoticed, in the exercise of every Christian virtue. He lies buried on the epistle-side of the high altar in the church of Santa Maria dei Monti, with a slab of white marble over his grave, mentioning his name, and age, and death, and the day of his interment. Benedict will probably be canonised ere long, as the process of his beatification has already commenced."

cannot be surpassed in the flavour of her bacon, or in the soundness of her hams."

How to frighten buffaloes may be quoted as a lesson to any body who happens to encounter these animals.

"As we (says Mr. W.) were resting our horses at a little inn on the side of the road, I had a fine opportunity of getting close to a very large herd of Italian buffaloes. These wild-looking animals have got a bad name for supposed ferocity; and when I expressed my determination to approach them, I was warned by the Italians not to do so, as the buffaloes were wicked brutes, and would gore me to death. Having singled out a tree or two of easy ascent where the herd was grazing, I advanced close up to it, calculating that one or other of the trees would be a protection to me, in case the brutes should prove unruly. They all ceased eating, and stared at me as though they had never seen a man before. Upon this, I immediately threw my body, arms, and legs, into all kinds of antic movements, grumbling loudly at the same time; and the whole herd, bulls, cows, and calves, took off, as fast as ever they could pelt, leaving me to return sound and whole to the inn, with a hearty laugh against the Italians."

With less bodily exertion and trouble, we have been assured, that, as against the assaults of dogs or even bulls, you have nothing else to do but throw your coat-tails (gentlemen) over your shoulders, poke your head down between your legs, and in this reversed position, with your face towards the furious creatures, literally stare them out of countenance, and cause them to run immediately away, as if they were hunted by a thousand what d'ye-call-ems!

Latin Grammar, Practice. By Rev. J. Pycroft, B.A. 12mo, pp. 112. London, Longmans. Greek ditto. Pp. 132. Same.

THE first a useful exercise-book for the young Latin student, and such as, well digested, cannot fail to impart a copious store of the most common vocabularies, and a knowledge of the principal rules of syntax. As its plan, however, contains but little of novelty, the execution ought to have been the more careful, which we regret to say is not the case: *ex. gr.* the quantities marked are sometimes wrong (p. 1, "pudicitia" for "pudicitia"), and in general shew an utter disregard of all method: vowels are noted which could hardly by possibility be mispronounced, while those almost certain to meet with such a fate have no quantity whatever indicated; thus we find "sugitta," "concilium," and presently "imperium," "Hesperia," "pater," "mater," unmarked. Then if we turn to the exercises, and set about translating an English line into Latin (p. 79), it being on Declension I., we come to "of reasons," "of kings," neither of which words are, or could be, found in the lists of Decl. I., both belonging to the third. In lesson 3 we have "of the brother-in-law"; and no Latin word of course given as its equivalent: a little lower occurs "city" (*urbs*) in Decl. II. be it known! In p. 2, lesson 3 is puzzlingly interrupted by the words "lesson 4," though the real lesson 4 follows shortly after. Now these and such-like blunders are almost fatal to the utility of a school-book: the boy soon loses all confidence in the trustworthiness of his guide, and is then ever ready to charge on the book the effects of his own indolence or carelessness, whenever he fails at once to find what he seeks for in its right place. If Mr. Pycroft had himself converted his theory into "Practice," by translating his English exercises into Latin from his

own lists, some at least of these omissions and inconsistencies must have been detected.

The "Greek Practice," similar in plan to the Latin (*i. e.* containing, 1. lists of words to be learnt, 2. Greek sentences consisting of the said words, and 3. English sentences, comprising the same words, to be translated into Greek), is also calculated to be serviceable in the hands of a competent and painstaking teacher; but here, again, the bane of the book in our estimation is the want of that accuracy on which we have ever insisted as being of such paramount importance in all elementary works. For instance, we could easily fill one of our columns with words falsely accented; but, premising that it would have been well for Mr. Pycroft to have understood the doctrine of the accents before he attempted to construct accented Greek sentences, we shall merely note a few to justify our censure—(accutes for graves in the middle of sentences, where no *clisis* can have place, are common):—

πολιται	for πολιται	θηρας	for θηρας
εμαζα	" εμαζα	δισποτα	" δισποτα
θημα	" θημα	τυχος	" τυχος
πολιται	" πολιται	ιτα	" ιτα
λαυθημα	" λαυθημα	ταπειν	" ταπειν
θημα	" θημα	απαται	" απαται
μειρος	" μειρος	τιμα	" τιμα
αυδης	" αυδης	γη (p. 68)	" γη
ισχυρος	" ισχυρος	νομις	" νομις
τιχος	" τιχος	ιτιμαλια	" ιτιμαλια
μειη	" μειη	Αιγυπτου	" Αιγυπτου
εκαλης ιστιν	" εκαλης ιστιν	δτα	" δτα

This we suppose to be more than sufficient to vindicate our statement respecting accents, as well as shewing some other errors. But, besides this, the lists of words with their meanings are, in several respects, defective. 1. the genitive case is very frequently unmarked when the laws of accentuation require it to be accented, though marked in others; 2. the same word is not seldom repeated, sometimes in the same list only four or five lines apart (*αδικια*, p. 3), and other words are not inserted, once (*απειλουν*, p. 64,—imperfect of a contracted verb, before present tenses of regular ones occur); and 3. the meanings given are insufficient for the translation of the sentences to which they refer (*αρχη*, "beginning," p. 1. *οι πολιται αυεν αρχης* requires government). So that, on the whole, though we think it might be made a good little work, it is at present far from deserving such an appellation.

An Encyclopædia of Domestic Economy, &c. &c. By Thomas Webster, F.G.S.; assisted by the late Mrs. Parkes, author of "Domestic Duties." 8vo, pp. 1264. London, Longmans.

THIS immense volume may be viewed in the light of a valuable legacy left by the late Mr. Longman to the country. Its conception formed a portion of that vast design so warmly entertained by him, and to which we are principally indebted for McCulloch's important commercial and statistical works, Dr. Copland's admirable Medical Dictionary, Loudon's Botany and Gardening, and other publications of similar character (branching perhaps out of, or being suggested by, Rees's Cyclopædia, and) all tending to embody a complete mass of The Useful in a single comprehensive and readily referable repository.

Apocryph of Rees's Cyclopædia,—we remember a writer who came to the editor with the offer of his contributions, and upon being asked what particular science or subject he thought himself most competent to undertake, ingenuously replied that they were all alike to him, and he was equally prepared to illustrate astronomy, botany, chemistry, divinity, embroidery, farming, gambling, hieroglyphics, insurance, ju-

risprudence, knife-grinding, light, mining, neology, ornithology, physics, quackery, statistics, theology, umbrellas, ventriloquism, witchcraft, xerophagy, yachting, or zoology—in short, every thing under every letter, not forgetting the three R's, reading, (w)riting, and (a)rithmetic. Such a man, though rejected by old Dr. Rees, would just be the properly qualified person to review this book; for one ought to know almost every thing to be able to discuss its multitude of topics. There appears to be no sort of information that could be necessary in housekeeping which is not found in it. And the scientific is added to the practical; and a thousand woodcuts make both as familiar as household words. We are taught how to build and ventilate—how to furnish, and clean, and preserve furniture—how to treat and employ servants—how to purchase food, and how to cook it—how to bake, to brew, to distil—how to choose clothing, and how to wash it—how to preserve health, and how to manage sickness. There are seven thousand three hundred and forty-three numbered pieces of information and advice in this mentor for domesticity, which is truly the best-compiled and most judicious, as well as by far the most ample, work of the sort that ever was published.

LORD MALMESBURY'S DIARIES, ETC.

[Second notice.]

WE have pleasure in resuming our review of this valuable work, which we endeavoured to introduce to our readers last Saturday as quickly and as particularly as the opportunity permitted. Upon the Russian politico-historic portion of our paper the following summary of Lord M. to Lord Grantham, in August 1782, will shed a general light. It is dated St. Petersburg, and is as follows:—

"On my arrival here I found this court very different from what it had been described to me. So far from any partiality to England, its leanings were entirely French. The King of Prussia (then in possession of the empress's ear) was exerting his influence against us; Count Panin assisted him powerfully; Lacy and Corberon, the Bourbon ministers, were artful and intriguing; Prince Potemkin had been wrought upon by them, and the whole tribe which surrounded the empress, the Schuwalooffs, Stroganoffs, and Chernicheffs, were what they still are, *garçons perruquiers de Paris*. Events seconded their endeavours; the assistance the French affected to afford Russia in settling its disputes with the Porte, and the two courts being immediately after united as mediators at the peace of Teschen, contributed not a little to reconcile them to each other. I felt the impracticability of succeeding in any commission with which I should be entrusted while things remained in this position. I felt, too, the danger and indecency of opening my mission by a personal attack; though I well knew, till the persons were removed, the impressions would remain. I was not, therefore, surprised that all my negotiations with Count Panin, from February 1778 till July 1779, should be unsuccessful. As he meant to prevent, not to promote, an alliance, it was in vain we made concessions to obtain it; he ever started fresh difficulties, had ever fresh obstacles ready. A very serious evil resulted, in the mean while, from my apparent confidence in him. He availed himself of it to convey, in his reports to the empress, not the language I employed and sentiments I actually expressed, but the language and sentiments he wished I should employ and express. He was equally careful to conceal her opinions and feelings from me; and while he described England

to her as obstinate, overbearing, and reserved, he described the empress to me as displeased, disgusted, and indifferent to our concerns; and he was so convinced that by this double misrepresentation he had shut up to me every avenue of success, that at the time when I presented to him the Spanish declaration, he ventured to say to me ministerially, 'That Great Britain had, by its own haughty conduct, brought down all its misfortunes on itself; that they were now at their height, that we must consent to any concessions to obtain peace, and that we could expect neither assistance from our friends nor forbearance from our enemies.' I had temper enough not to give way to my feelings on this occasion. I made him no reply, but took from that moment the determined resolution to consider him as an enemy to my country I could never reclaim, and against whom, therefore, I was bound to act with all my force. His very inimical behaviour, and the critical conjuncture, justified my having recourse to new and unusual methods. I applied without loss of time to Prince Potemkin, and by his means the empress condescended to see me alone at Peterhoff. I was so fortunate, in this interview, as not only to efface all the bad impressions she had against us, but by stating in its true light our situation, and the inseparable interests of Great Britain and Russia, to raise in her mind a decided resolution to assist us. This resolution she declared to me in express words, and in much stronger terms than I thought proper to insert in my official correspondence. In a court like this, where every thing moves in so narrow a circle, every thing transpires; neither my private conference with the empress, nor the friendly intentions it had produced, could long remain secret. Count Panin was the first who knew it, and, as well because I had ventured to apply to any one besides himself, as from the success of my application, he became from that moment my implacable and inveterate enemy. He not only thwarted by falsehoods, and by a most undue exertion of his influence, my public negotiations, but employed every means the lowest and most vindictive malice could suggest to depreciate and injure me personally; and from the very infamous accusations with which he charged me (had I been prone to fear), I might have apprehended the most infamous attacks at his hands. This relentless persecution still continues: he has outlived his ministry, and though he is now rejected, disgraced, and humiliated, yet I still feel the baneful effects of his unforgiving temper. It operated in its full vigour at the time I am speaking of, and notwithstanding the positive assurances I had received from the empress herself, he found means first to stagger, and afterwards to alter her resolutions. He was, indeed, very officiously assisted by his Prussian majesty, who, at that time, was as much bent on oversetting our interests here as he now seems eager to restore them. I was not, however, disheartened by this first disappointment; and by redoubling my efforts, I have twice more, during the course of my mission, brought the empress to the verge of standing forth our professed friend, and each time my expectations were grounded on assurances from her own mouth. The first was at the moment when our adversaries conjured up the armed neutrality, the other when Minorca was offered her. Although on the first of these occasions I found the same opposition, from the same quarter I had experienced before, yet I am compelled to say, that the principal cause of my failure was attributable to the very awkward manner in which we replied to the famous

neutral declaration of February 1780. As I well knew from what quarter the blow would come, I was prepared to parry it. My opinion was, 'If England feels itself strong enough to do without Russia, let it reject at once these new-fangled doctrines; but if its situation is such as to want assistance, let it yield to the necessity of the hour, recognise them as far as they relate to Russia alone, and, by a well-timed act of complaisance, insure itself a powerful friend.' My opinion was not received; an ambiguous and trimming answer was given; we seemed equally afraid to accept or dismiss them. I was instructed secretly to oppose, but avowedly to acquiesce in them; and some unguarded expressions one of his majesty's then confidential servants made use of, in speaking to M. Simolin, in direct contradiction to the temperate and cordial language that minister had heard from Lord Stormont, irritated the empress to the last degree, and completed the dislike and bad opinion she ever entertained of that administration. Our enemies took advantage of these circumstances; they heaped coals of fire on our heads, and, at the same time, by making her believe that the work of their cabals was a measure which would immortalise her, and which we alone opposed, so wrought on her passions, that what a few civil words would have done away in the beginning, will now be an everlasting and dangerous thorn in our side. I suggested the idea of giving up Minorca to the empress, because, as it was evident to me we should at the peace be compelled to make sacrifices, it seemed to me wiser to make them to our friends than to our enemies. The idea was adopted at home in its whole extent, and nothing could be more perfectly calculated to the meridian of this court, than the judicious instructions I received on this occasion from Lord Stormont. Why this project failed I am still at a loss to learn. I never knew the empress incline so strongly to any one measure as she did to this, before I had my full powers to treat; nor was I ever more astonished than when I found her shrink from her purpose when they arrived. I imputed it at the time, in my own mind, to the rooted aversion she had for our ministry, and to her total want of confidence in them; but I since am strongly disposed to believe that she consulted the emperor on the subject, and that he not only prevailed on her to decline the offer, but betrayed the secret to France, and that it thus became public. I cannot otherwise account for this rapid change of sentiment in the empress, particularly as Prince Potemkin (whatever he might be in other transactions) was certainly in this cordial and sincere in his support, and both from what I saw at the time, and from what has since come to my knowledge, had its success as much at heart as myself. The proposal relative to Minorca was the last attempt I made to induce the empress to stand forth. I had exhausted my strength and resources; the freedom with which I had spoken in my last interview with her, though respectful, had displeased, and from this period till the removal of the late administration, I have been reduced to act on the defensive. The cabals and intrigues of my adversaries bore down heavy on me; my friends, or rather my friend was become cold and uncertain; and I have had more difficulty in preventing the empress from doing harm, than I ever had in attempting to engage her to do us good. It was to prevent evil that I inclined strongly for the acceptance of her single mediation between us and Holland, when her imperial majesty first offered it. The extreme dissatisfaction she ex-

pressed at our refusal justified my opinion; and I took upon me, when it was proposed a second time, to urge the necessity of its being agreed to (although I knew it to be in contradiction to the sentiments of my principal), since I firmly believed, had we again declined it, the empress would, in a moment of anger, have joined the Dutch against us. As it is, all has gone on well: our judicious conduct has transferred to them the ill-humour she originally was in with us; and she now is as partial to our cause as she was before partial to theirs. Since the new ministry in England, my road has been made smoother; the great and new path struck out by your predecessor, Mr. Fox, and which you, my lord, pursue, has operated a most advantageous change in our favour on the continent. Nothing, indeed, but events which come home to her will, I believe, ever induce her imperial majesty to take an active part; but there is now a strong glow of friendship in our favour; she approves our measures; she trusts our ministry; and she gives way to that predilection she certainly has for our nation. Our enemies know and feel this; and it keeps them in awe. This is a succinct but accurate sketch of what has passed at this court from the day of my arrival at Petersburg to the present hour. Several inferences may be deduced from it. That the empress is led by her passions, not by reason and argument; that her prejudices are very strong, easily acquired, and, when once fixed, irremovable; while, on the contrary, there is no sure road to her good opinion; that, even when obtained, it is subject to eternal fluctuation, and liable to be biased by the most trifling incidents; that, till she is fairly embarked in a plan, no assurances can be depended on; but that, when once fairly embarked, she never retracts, and may be carried any lengths; that, with very bright parts, an elevated mind, an uncommon sagacity, she wants judgment, precision of idea, reflection, and *l'esprit de combinaison*. That her ministers are either ignorant of, or indifferent to, the welfare of the state, and act from a passive submission to her will, or from motives of party and private interests. That whoever is fated to negotiate here must have as much patience as prudence; be active himself, yet submit to procrastination in others; have sines not to be shaken by anxiety and disappointment. He must not negotiate by rule, or observe the precepts of Wickfort; he must watch the temper of the day, catch the lucky moment as it flies, strike while the iron is hot, negotiate by assault, if I may be allowed the expression, and never expect to carry his point by regular approaches."

So much of this is still applicable to the present day, that we are sure the statement will be read with great interest.

Lord M. was one of the Whig party who went over to Mr. Pitt in 1793, when the more republican of their friends sided so strongly, and as they considered so dangerously, with the French revolution. He was sent to Berlin to reclaim Frederick William, king of Prussia, who, with the dishonesty and weakness which characterised most public actions of his life, shewed strong symptoms of breaking his late treaty with England, and conciliating revolutionised France. Lord Malmesbury succeeded in making him acknowledge his obligations, and in inducing him to sign another treaty with England and Holland in 1793, which he broke almost before the signatures were dry.*

* It may be curious here to note the first measures of the scheme of a northern coalition against England in 1780, which Bonaparte realised between thirty and

In 1794 his lordship was proxy for the Prince of Wales in his ill-starred marriage, and brought the bride to England. Of the happiness of this union he foreboded no endurance, or we might rather say, no commencement; and the prince never forgave him his ministerial share in the negotiation. In 1796-97 he went to Paris and Lisle to attempt to make peace with France; but the Directory either never intended or did not dare to conclude the treaty. Soon after this, he was attacked with deafness, and would not again accept of any foreign mission of importance; but still continued on terms of the most intimate political confidence with the Pitt administrations. To Mr. Canning in later years he extended his highest regard and estimation; and the brief note of the close of his career offers a touching example how a worthy man should die, after having faithfully performed his arduous duties, through long years of labour and exertion, served his country in its most important concerns, and wisely enjoyed prosperity with a thankful heart to the Almighty Giver of all good and Disposer of every human event. Two weeks before his death, we read from a "self-controlling journal," which he kept for the last ten years, as follows:

"Thou hast completed thy seventy-fourth year, having been permitted to live longer than any of thy ancestors as far back as 1606. Thy existence has been without any great misfortune, and without any acute disease, and has been one for which thou oughtest to be extremely grateful. Be so, in praise and thanksgiving towards the Supreme Being, and by preparing thyself to employ the remnant of it 'wisely and discreetly.' Thy next step will, probably, be the last. Strive not to delay the period of its arrival, nor lament at its near approach. Thou art too exhausted, both in mind and body, to be of service to thy country, thy friends, or family. Thou art fortunate in leaving thy children well and happy; be content to join thy parent earth calmly, and with becoming resignation. Such is thy imperious duty. Vale."

"With no disease (adds his grandson and excellent biographer), but with a constitution completely worn out, he expired in the full possession of his intellectual faculties, at his house in Hill Street, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, on the 20th of November, 1820, and was entombed in Salisbury cathedral."

JOHNSTON'S ABYSSINIA.

THOUGH the second volume of this work is as full of interesting matter as the first, it will not be in our power to devote to its review so much of our space; and before beginning our own remarks, we ought to notice that in the last number of *Ainsworth's Magazine* (which had escaped our attention) an able exposition, evidently written by a competent geographer,

forty years afterwards; and which (notwithstanding Lord M.'s fears at that time) was beaten by British energies under circumstances of more appalling danger. He writes: "The Danish *chargé d'affaires* here, I am convinced, has served him and the Prussian party to the utmost of his power; and I believe he has been seduced either by some actual pecuniary gratification, or at least by promises of a similar nature. It is easily guessed how great a matter of triumph it affords to my opponents. They seem now persuaded that the whole north will soon fall upon us. The king of Prussia would certainly effect this step if he were able. The stroke his Prussian majesty has given to our interests at Copenhagen—his offer of a loan to fit out their fleet—the manner in which this equipment, with its augmentation, was ordered, leave me no doubt that he expects to recover his interest here by seconding, with all his weight and ability, a project which he thinks is the favourite idea of the empress."

shewed that Mr. Johnston must have described and given a drawing of the great Lake of Ausa (Owssa) without having seen it.

Our author's first impressions and early treatment and ideas in Abyssinia were far from favourable. He was detained (together with Mr. Scott, the draughtsman) at Farree, and kept from Ankobar; and, indeed, during his whole stay his condition was little, if at all, removed from that of a state-prisoner, fed by the bounty of the despotic Negroes of Shoa. This kingdom is surrounded on all sides by Galla tribes, except towards the north by the Amhara, inhabitants of the Angobba, of whom we are told:—"In the British Museum are many Egyptian statues that possess exactly the features of the genuine Amhara race. One more, especially of a woman in the lower saloon, marked 16, I will particularise, to enable those who have the opportunity of examining these relics of an extinct nation to form a proper idea of the physiognomy of the people I am speaking of. Their general complexion cannot be better described by reference to a familiar object than comparing it with that of red unpolished copper. Their skin is soft and delicate; the general stature is below the middle height of Europeans. Their forms are not fully developed until they have arrived at the same years of puberty as ourselves; and it is very uncommon for women under seventeen to bear children. The features of the women conform to a general characteristic type, and less variations from this are observed among them than in the men. This observation extends to other races besides the Amhara; for I have invariably found more consistency of countenance, more nationality, preserved in the features of females than in the males of the many different people I have met with in my travels in Abyssinia. The Amhara face is ovate, having a considerably greater expression of breadth in the upper than in the lower part. The scalp in front encroaches upon the forehead, making its length disproportionate to its height, and, in consequence, it appears exceedingly low. The eyes are long, but rather full, and the separation of the eyelids longitudinal, as in Europeans. Their cheeks are high, yet finely rounded, and sometimes, with the long forehead, giving to the countenance a nearly triangular form. The nose straight and well formed, with a small and beautiful mouth, a finely curved edge gradually rising from the commissure to the fulness of a most inviting pair of lips. A voluptuous fulness, in fact, pervades the whole countenance—a something more than muscular fibre, yet not exactly fat, giving a healthy fleshiness that reminds you of the chubbiness of children; and I expect the fascinating expression so generally ascribed to Abyssinian beauties by all orientals is owing to the idea of innocence and simplicity that inseparably connects itself with this infantile character of face. The hair is soft and long; it is neither woolly like the negro, nor is it the strong, coarse, straight hair of the Gongas, or yellow inhabitants of the right bank of the Abi and Abiah branches of the Azabi or red Nile."

The Gallas are held to have come from Lake Tchad, and to be mixed descendants of the Dankalli and Shankalli people; and it is stated that in the expression of their countenance "there is that which reminds the observer more of their Shankalli than of their Dankalli origin. The form of their heads is long, the sides being flat, with very contracted, but not receding, foreheads. The lower parts of their faces have the full negro-form development of the lips and jaws, although the teeth are regu-

lar and well set, without the inclination forwards I have observed in several negro skulls. Their hair is coarse and frizzly. It is generally worn in long narrow plaits, that hang directly down upon the neck and shoulders. In Shoa it is customary to dress it with considerable care, and it is then sometimes arranged in most fantastic forms, the head being adorned all over with numerous small collected tufts, and at others, three monstrous heaps of hair on the sides and top make the head and face look like a huge ace of clubs. Their natural dispositions are very good, and their courage is undoubted."

Mr. Johnston also saw several Zingero and Kuffah slaves, who are the principal representatives of the Gonga race, thus described by him: "The Gongas are a mysterious people, of whom rumours alone had reached the civilised world in the remotest antiquity; and the same obscurity continues at the present time to hang over this interesting and secluded nation." In the era of the Egyptian king Psammeticus they occupied the whole table-land of Abyssinia; and, like the Chinese, their national policy consisted in the careful exclusion of strangers, whom they only tolerated to come in caravans to their frontier, that they might get from them the necessary of life, salt, in exchange for their gold. They have always worshipped the river that flows through their country, as part of the sacred Nile. Mr. J. brings forward some curious etymological hypotheses upon all these varieties of mankind, and fancies that our own English Abury is probably connected with the religious adoration on the plateau of Abyssinia. But we revert to the present times.

"The gunmen, whilst on duty at the palace, receive daily two double handfuls of some kind of grain or other; a kind of admeasurement that reminded me strongly of a similar custom of giving rations to slaves among the ancient Romans. Beside this, however, they get one good meal a day at the king's own table; at least, in an apartment where he superintends this diurnal feast of his attendants, who are plentifully regaled with large teff crumpets and a quantity of ale. With the bread is always provided some cayenne paste, called 'dillock,' composed of equal parts of the red pods of the pepper and common salt, mixed with a little 'shrow,' or the meal of peas. This is placed in a number of saucers of red earthenware, which stand in the middle of oblong tables of wicker-work, about one foot and a half high. A number of these are placed in the form of a horse-shoe in the banquetting-room, and around on both sides, sitting upon the ground, the gunmen range themselves, sometimes in double ranks. The king presides over all, reclining upon a yellow satin-covered couch, in a kind of recess, or alcove, in one side of the apartment. The greatest order and decorum is preserved, but no restraint appears to be laid either upon appetite or quiet conversation. Upon occasions of festivals, which are exceedingly numerous, an unlimited amount of raw meat is added to their usual fare. Slave boys carry about a large lump of flesh, held fast over one shoulder by a strong grip of both hands, whilst each of the dining party cuts with his knife such portion he may desire, and then dismisses the boy with his blessing to the next who requires a like uncooked steak. In addition to their entertainment by the king when on duty at the palace, the gunmen receive a monthly pay of from three to seven *almahals*, or salt-pieces, according to their length of service. Besides the numerous gunmen who are generally slaves born in the service of the Negroes, there is an inferior class who have been purchased from

dealers, or have come to the king as the import duty when kafilahs of these unhappy creatures arrive in his dominions; the usual 'assair,' or tithe, being taken, as of every other kind of merchandise that is brought into Shoa. These slaves are employed generally as cutters of wood; and a most toilsome and ill-requited labour is that which they have to perform; for the country around Angolallah and Debra Berhan is so bare of wood, that the inhabitants have no other resource for fuel but the dung of cattle mixed with mire, which are formed into large flat cakes and heaped up in storehouses for protection from the weather. . . . Upon this painful and laborious duty not less than 300 slaves are employed, who receive daily the most wretched fare, either a few handfuls of parched wheat, or else the sour and coarse refuse from the gunmen's table. Still these, I found, were far from being over-worked; for three days are allowed to each for the conveyance of the load, and the return back from the distant palaces to their homes, which even these are provided with for themselves and their families. The female slaves are still more numerous; independent of the 200 employed in supplying the king's household with water, there are, at least, 100 more, who assist in grinding flour, brewing, and making the 'dillock,' or pepper-paste. There are, however, belonging to this class, a more interesting party of female slaves, who are kept in the strictest seclusion; for Sahale Selassee, a descendant of Solomon, continues, as regards his wives and concubines, the customs of his ancestor's court. Two hundred of these young ladies are placed in charge of several eunuchs; and the establishment, in fact, corresponds in every respect with the harem of an oriental monarch. It is not very easy to obtain information respecting the habits or occupations of these immured beauties; but the more elaborately spun cotton-thread that is used for the finer descriptions of cloths which are presented by the Negroes to his greatest favourites and governors, is all made by the members of this portion of the royal household. The large and fine cloth, valued in Shoa at thirty dollars, sent by Sahale Selassee as a present to our queen, is woven of thread spun in the palace of Debra Berhan; and the monarch, sole visitor to the apartments occupied by these royal cotton-spinners, has, no doubt, frequently stimulated his favourite slaves to more careful efforts as they produced the finely long-drawn thread, by dwelling upon the munificence and wealth of his Egyptian sister, our own well-beloved sovereign.*

"I dare not (continues our author, speaking of royalty) attempt any elucidation of the faith

* At an after period we read: "In the back porch, if I may so term it, therefore, I found the Negroes reclining upon a couch covered with a white cloth, and the usual yellow satin cushions at each end. He was in his customary dress, a large legumigalla, like the one I had on, only ornamented with numerous bars of the red and blue shumulah, which adds considerably to the value of the cloth." He had also on his feet a pair of red Turkish slippers and white socks, the only European articles of dress he had adopted, and these he only wore in the palace; for whenever I have seen him in the fields around his palaces, he was always barefooted like his courtiers. I have often regretted, that I at that time did not know how to knit, nothing would have pleased the monarch so much as to have learned the process, and seen growing beneath his fingers a well-formed stocking. In a cold country, situated like Abyssinia, knitting would be a most useful art to introduce among the natives; and I hope, therefore, if any traveller intending to visit that country reads this book, he will make himself acquainted with that mysterious accomplishment, which, I can assure him, is much easier than he may suppose."

professed by the Negroes and monks of Shoa. They certainly have no universal creed, nor any articles to define what is orthodox belief, and what is not. The chief principle of religion with the heads of the church in that country seems to be, to think upon this subject exactly as the Negroes do; for if they do not, they are very soon considered in the light of heretics; and how far the principles of the Negroes accord with those of the abune, or bishop of Gondar, may be judged from the fact, that he has often been judged to be in contempt by that holy father, and threatened with all the terrors of excommunication. I confess myself, therefore, unequal to the task of giving any account of the Christian religion in Shoa. To give a correct one would require a man educated entirely for the purpose, by a long study of the subject in all its relations, as connected with the Greek Church, and the archbishopric of Alexandria, to enable him to collect, compare, and arrange that chaos of religious opinions that seem to characterise the modern Abyssinian faith, and more especially that which is professed in Shoa."

Knight's Weekly Volume for all Readers.
Nos. 1 and 2. C. Knight.

EVER industriously devising new publications, Mr. Knight gives us here, first, an interesting life of William Caxton, copiously and curiously adorned with old woodcuts; and secondly, a selection of literary articles from the writings of the factory-girls employed at Lowell near Boston in Massachusetts and published under the title of *The Lowell Offering*. It is a singular miscellany to come from such hands; and both volumes are excellently adapted to fulfil the design of this issue, viz. to circulate information and a class of agreeable reading among the humblest orders in society.

Knight's Library for the Times. Our Indian Empire. Mr. M'Farlane. Vol. II. Part I. Double cols. pp. 192.

CONTINUES the history of our great eastern empire from 1786, Lord Cornwallis, to 1813, the close of Lord Minto's government: a period full of stirring and great events, the accounts of which are compiled with due care and attention.

The Annexation of Texas, a Case of War between England and the U. States. By D. Urquhart, Esq. Pp. 104. London, J. Maynard.

ONE of Mr. Urquhart's uncompromising pamphlets, in which he denounces the policy of America, declares that President Tyler should be impeached if the U. States wish to preserve a tolerable name among nations, and otherwise treats this and the boundary-question with unsparing severity.

Trip to Italy during the Long Vacation. Pp. 184. London, C. Mitchell.

IS simply a lawyer's run hastily through parts of France and Italy, which tells little more than the route, and affords no new information worthy of noting.

Claudine Mignot, surnamed L'Handa, or the Praised One. By Mrs. Col. Hartley. 3 vols. Newby. THE life and adventures of the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos, and revealing the condition of the French court and society in her time. Mrs. Hartley has not cultivated the business of composition and construction sufficiently to make her first (?) study all that it might have been; but she has gathered together many remarkable characters, from king to cottager, and filled a great *tableau* with an immense number of historic and other figures.

Mee's Companion to the Work-Table. Pp. 128. London, D. Bogue.

WHILST one lady tells us of ancient 'broderie for churches, another teaches knitting, netting, and crocheted-work, the patterns for which are here engraved, and instructions given how they are performed by fair hands. From purses and babies' shoes to table and sofa-covers, there are "stitch, stitch, stitch."

Everett's Life of Dr. A. Clarke. Vol. I. pp. 348. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

A NEW Life of Dr. Adam Clarke is here begun, and in an improved manner. His learning and his eminence as a preacher; the variety of views of society, as well as of religious persuasions; the length and extent of his vocation; and his wide observation and experience,—must render his biography always acceptable to the public.

The Jasper clouded and the Rainbow round the Throne: a farewell Sermon. By the Rev. R. A. Wilmot. Pp. 34. London, Nickisson.

PREACHED at Ratcliffe and published by request; is tinged with all the colours of its title; and altogether a prismatic composition, such as is rarely reflected from the pulpit.

Happy Hours, or the Home Story-Book. By Mary Cherwell. Pp. 198. London, Bowdery and Kerby.

A PRETTY invention of juvenile stories, which will inculcate many amiable qualities upon the sensitive minds of childhood. We are sure that happy hours may be passed not only in reading it, but in consequence of having read it.

Jersey as it is. By F. R. de la Trehonnais. Pp. 111. Penzance, J. Pope Vibert; London, Longmans; Jersey, P. Payn.

A TRANSLATION of a French essay which gained the first prize of the Jersey Emulation Society last year; and of somewhat more general interest now that questions of much consequence have sprung up relating to the government of the Channel Islands. It is composed in a somewhat flowery style, by a young author of promise; but after speaking in eulogistic terms of their ancient history and many of their existing advantages, it must be confessed that he states enough of their constitution, legislation, and modes of administering justice, to make us believe reform to be essentially necessary.

Journal of a March from Delhi to Peshawur, and thence to Cabul, &c., by Lieut.-Col. Sir C. M. Wade. By Lieut. W. Barr, Bengal Horse Artillery. Pp. 410. London, Madden and Co. THE march of Col. Wade's auxiliary force, 1839, from Delhi, through Lodiana, to Lahore, Rho-tas, Peshawur, the Kyber Pass, Cabul, and back to Ferorepore, is here detailed; and forms an adjunct to the several recent accounts of our Indian operations which have issued from the press and made us acquainted with all their particulars. We do not, however, find any thing in it of sufficient novelty or interest to quote. There are several illustrative plates.

American Criminal Trials. By P. W. Chandler. Vol. II. 12mo, pp. 387. Boston, Carter and Co.; London, Maxwell.

THIS is not exactly the *Newgate Calendar* of America, but (we do not remember the first volume, if we ever saw it) a curious collection of remarkable trials, illustrative of the people and the times, which took place from the period of any laws in America to the independence of the United States. This volume contains a "capital" murder in 1778, and others, several military affairs, including the fate of Major André, and finishing with legislation on a butcher for refusing paper-bills for beef and mutton.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CIVIL ENGINEERS.

June 25.—The president in the chair. A paper was read descriptive of the removal of the lighthouse on the north pier of Sunderland harbour, by Mr. J. Murray. The lighthouse, which was built in 1802, was 76 feet in height and 15 feet in diameter at the base, slightly tapering upwards to the lantern, which was lighted with coal-gas with parabolic reflectors. It was built of polished stone, and had within it a spiral staircase; its total weight was 338 tons, which being concentrated on an area of only 162 square feet, rendered the task of its removal in an entire mass a work of much difficulty and danger, especially when its great height was considered. The work of removal was commenced June 15, 1841, by the masons cutting the holes for inserting the timbers for forming the cradle; those directly beneath the building were carried by 144 cast-iron rollers, travelling on 8 lines of iron rails; and the outer timbers, supporting the braces and struts, were placed upon slide-balks, which were lubricated with a mixture of soft-soap and black-lead to diminish the friction. The power applied was by means of several drawing and pushing screws, and by three winches with ropes and tackle-blocks, worked by eighteen men. On August 2, the mass was moved a distance of 28 feet 6 inches in a northerly direction, to place it in the line of the new pier. After changing the position of the rollers and slide-balks, to adapt them, first to a curve of 647 feet radius, and then to a straight line in an easterly direction, the cradle with its load was propelled steadily forward, at an average rate of 33½ feet per hour when in motion, the entire time of moving over 447 feet being 13 hours 24 minutes. Much time was of course occupied in taking up and relaying the rails and balks, and in preparing a solid foundation for them as the mass advanced; so that it was not until Oct. 4, that the lighthouse arrived at the extremity of the pier, where the foundation was prepared for it. The timbers were withdrawn gradually, the spaces being filled up with solid masonry; and the building was stated to have remained to the present time in a solid state, without the slightest appearance of even a crack in the walls. A light was exhibited in the lantern, as usual, every night during its transit. The entire cost of executing the work was £271; and it was shewn that an actual saving of £893, had been made by adopting the plan of removal, instead of building a new lighthouse.—A paper by Prof. Hosking, containing some suggestions for the introduction of constructions to retain the sides of deep cuttings in clays and other uncertain soils, was then read. These constructions were chiefly intended to be introduced in situations where, on account of the bad nature of the soil, open cuttings or tunnels would be expensive and dangerous. It was stated by Capt. Vetch that similar constructions had been successfully used in the Moseley cutting on the line of the Birmingham and Gloucester railway; and General Pasley said that Mr. Adie had introduced that kind of construction on the Bolton and Preston railway.—A paper by Mr. J. Bremner described the mode adopted by him for rebuilding the piers of Sarelet harbour (Caithness, N.B.), after they had been twice destroyed by the sea, to whose action it is much exposed, the waves frequently breaking over the works at a height of 50 feet. The machinery and general mode of building adopted by Mr. Bremner were minutely described.

This being the last evening meeting, the president addressed the members on the merits of

a few of the papers which had been read during the session.

MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.

June 19.—Dr. J. S. Goodfellow in the chair. A paper was read by Mr. E. J. Quekett, "On an apparently new form of vegetable discharged from the human stomach belonging to the class *algæ*." Mr. Quekett, after noticing numerous instances where parasitic plants have been found on the exterior of man, as well as of the lower animals, where they constitute diseases which are often the cause of the death of the creature so affected, proceeded to describe several instances where vegetation evidently existed in the interior of the body, and in the stomach especially. In the case alluded to, continual sickness prevailed in a constitution much debilitated by disease of the liver, the matter ejected putting on the appearance of coffee-coloured flakes in a transparent gelatinous fluid. On submitting the flakes to the microscope, they appeared to consist solely of vesicles of about 3000 part of an inch in diameter, adhering to each other in a beaded manner, seldom, however, extending beyond three or four, or otherwise in a tetrahedral form, the vesicles appearing to contain granular matter; much resemblance existing between them and the yeast-plant, *torula cerevisia*, but not identical with each other. Some discussion arose as to whether these minute organisms may not be matter which had been at one time part of the living frame, but now the elements of that matter which had become effete had put on a new form, so as to be removed from the animal economy. Mr. Quekett shewed that these minute particles did not depend for their vitality on their contact with living animal surfaces or fluids; for their development was progressive for days after having been thrown from the stomach, even when kept between glasses for microscopic observation, which appeared to prove the vegetable origin of these minute cells.

FINE ARTS.

WESTMINSTER HALL.

No. 47. *Wat Tyler slain*. F. P. Stephanoff.—A fitting subject, and treated with considerable skill, though the action is somewhat confused, and the prominent characters do not stand sufficiently out, so as to be distinguished from the mass.

No. 48 and 49, both figures by Mr. Armitage. The last a Bohemian gipsy, and well in costume and character.

No. 50. *Alfred submitting his Code of Laws to the Wittenagemot*. H. C. Selous.—There is much merit in this fresco as a composition, and it is among the best in the hall; but still it is no advance upon last year's bidding for the prize. Is it because there are no premiums this year that the falling-off has arisen?

No. 51. *Loyalty*. R. Redgrave.—A fine and effective subject, belonging to the tragic romance of history—Catherine Douglas barring the door with her human arm to keep out the assassins of James I. of Scotland. There is much feeling in the treatment of the heroine; and the loyal sacrifice is delineated in a manner to affect, and not to horrify the spectator.

No. 52. *The Throne of Intellect*. W. C. Thomas (another hundred-pound prizeman).—A large and bold imaginative subject (cartoon): the best of it studied too closely from the cartoons at Hampton Court to merit the praise of original conception. 54, *Philosophy*, is a less elaborate impersonation of the same; and 55 is 51 repeated in oil.

No. 53. *The Meeting of Jacob and Rachel*: a pleasing-enough production by C. W. Cope.

No. 56. *Death of Abel*. M. Claxton, 100L last year—not perhaps worth less in comparison with this show; and, on the whole, a creditable performance.

No. 58. *Battle of Bosworth*. A. Blaikley.—An awful affair, and "poor Richard" a "tumble-down Dick," equivalent to any sign-post between London and the field of battle which made Henry VII. sovereign of England, and his brave slain competitor a caricature.

No. 60. *The Parting of Sir T. More and his Daughter*. S. A. Hart.—We have made no note upon this, and therefore take it for granted that it does not redeem the mediocrity of the exhibition.

No. 61. Another *Wat Tyler*. W. B. Spence.—Flat rebellion.

No. 62. *Milton dictating to his Daughters*. John Bridges, a recipient of 100L last year, and in this, as in that, a fair competitor for approbation.

No. 63. *Peace* (see No. 9), by Mr. Horsley, and worthy of his talent.

The next four, Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, require no observation.

No. 68, is *King John signing Magna Charta*, a fresco, by E. T. Parris, with the border painted in encaustic by his son (we believe) Mr. W. A. Parris. This work deserves particular attention. It seems to us to be perfect in accomplishing its aim; and were we inclined to decorate a room or hall after the manner of fine old tapestry, this should be our design. It is a rich English performance, and the costume and other accessories as correct as reference to the most authentic sources could make it. The disposition of the king, the enforcement to this act, the minor details, and the border, are all in keeping with the artist's intention; and for the purposes required by the Commissioners, we have seen nothing in its style so applicable to a portion of the embellishments of the new palace as this fresco: 7ft. 11in. in width, and 11ft. 4in. in height. Mr. Parris has more than doubly earned his last prize of 100L.

No. 69, *Puck's Mission*, H. J. Townsend (a two hundred of last year), is so poetical that we cannot think of reversing the verdict in the artist's favour.

No. 70, 71, and 72. The first, *Mind omnipotent*, a large cartoon, attended by two studies, of which we have nothing to say. In the first there is a Michael-Angeloesque grandeur which displays the epic feelings of the Messrs. James and George Fogg, more calculated for success in fresco than in oil. Their Adelphi ideas belong to the highest order of art; an order of which the perfection would not have admirers in our days of 1000L for Flemish and Dutch pictures.

No. 73. *Bertha, &c.* R. W. Buss.—Less than we expected from the artist.

No. 74. *The Knight*. D. Macleise.—A fresco, and proof what may be done in fresco-painting. Water-colours, nor oil itself, ever presented superior execution. The drawing is masterly—the colouring of the armed knight matchless—and the beauty of the attendants surpassing. In other respects it resembles the oldest paintings. The perspective is merely a gradation of upper and lower lines, and the whole effect is weakened by a flutter, which provokes us the more when we burst into admiration at what is done, and only dream of a unity and breadth which would make this the first of fresco accomplishments.

No. 75, Nixon, 76, Sheraton, which demand

no remark, take us to No. 77, *Love*, by Augustus Egg, where poor Love is asleep, and, as it were, in the egg.

No. 78. *Sir Calepine rescuing Serena*. F. R. Pickersgill, an additional hundred-pounder of 1843, and by this shewing himself deserving of that distinction.

No. 79. The next, by J. Severn, *The first English Bible*, &c., does not so entirely confirm us in the grant of a similar reward last year; and still less does

No. 80, *Luna and Endymion*, rivet the claim of E. V. Rippingille to a similar prize. The *Endymion* is so long and lanky that Luna must have been lunatic (she is a Hindoo moon) to have been betrayed into a passion for so leggy a paramour.

No. 81. *The Angel of the Pillar*, J. Bell; 82. *An Allegory*, Weld Taylor—one of the odd applications of artist ideas (which it would be curious to illustrate—for with more or less genius they pervert the every things of common-sense men); 83 and 84 finish our unsatisfied and unsatisfactory division of this exhibition. Upon the general topic we are likely to write more at large.

BRITISH GALLERY.

A FORTNIGHT ago we ran over a moiety of the pictures now exhibiting in the British Gallery, which collection still demands a further notice.

Nos. 41, 45, and 49, three Scripture pieces, by Guercino and Tintoretto (belonging to Mr. Hope and Lord Pembroke), are fine academic pictures, to be advantageously studied as possessing the distinguishing qualities of these masters—the power and feeling of the former, the spirit and strong contrast of light and shade of the latter.

No. 46. *Philip baptising the Eunuch*. (Mr. Holford's).—A capital Both.

No. 50. *The Sibyl's Temple*. (Mr. Scrope's.) *Salvator Rosa*.—More graceful than his savage scenes, but equally worthy of a place here, as a specimen of his style. 91, *Landscape*, is another characteristic performance.

No. 52. *St. Agnes*. Carlo Dolce, and not of his most successful productions.

No. 55. *Fighting Cats*. Syners. (Sir T. Baring).—Must have been done from the celebrated fight of Kilkenny, before the animals had devoured each other all but the tails: wonderful painting, and on such a subject!

No. 59. *The Doge's Palace*, Canaletti, query Guardi, and 66, *The Grand Canal* (the Duke of Devonshire); also 79, 86, 89, 90, 92, 109, and 111.—Several of them more important works, and all high or valuable examples of his pencil. No. 75 and 84, *Venice Views*, are attributed to Guardi, and are so Canaletti-ish that it is difficult to distinguish the one from the other. Sir S. C. Jervoise is the contributor of no fewer than four of the finest Canaletti's. No. 79, a *View in Padua* (Lord Alford's) is the most singular of the whole.

No. 61. *Landscape*, Berghem (Sir T. Baring), is a favourable specimen; but our delight is in No. 71, a small and perfect gem, the property of Mr. Bredel. We find here all the artist within the space of two spans! Fanciful and brilliant, in his best manner.

No. 65. *The Coast of Holland and Shipping*. Vander Capella (Earl of Norwinton).—A single, but sufficient example of a distinguished painter, whose productions are not so common amongst us as those of most of his equal contemporaries.

No. 68. Another *View in Holland*, by De Koninck, is a perfect instance of his genius in representing a vast succession of expanse in level scenery. It is Holland as nature has made

it, and art the faithful copyist of nature. No Dutch painter, not even Cuyp, could excel De Koninck in his sober distances and truth of perspective. The picture is contributed by Earl Granville.

No. 72. *Conversation*, and 82, *Dancing*, Lancret (Mr. Henry Broadwood).—Admirable pieces from a hand so often called Watteau's, and, except in peculiarities readily discovered by judges, so nearly approaching his charming style.

Polemberg, Netscher, A. Montegna, Backhuysen, De Vlieger, De Hooge, G. Douw, Terburg, and Paul Potter, display the acknowledged merits and peculiar talents of these differently esteemed, but all highly appreciated, artists. For Polemberg's neat finish, and Backhuysen's stormy sea and sky (Mr. A. Smith), Netscher's elegant portraiture (Lord Palmerston), A. Montegna's classic study (Mr. G. Vivian), De Vlieger's truth in sea and shore (Mr. R. Vernon Smith), De Hooge's architecture (Miss Rogers and Mr. Wells), G. Douw's delicate touch and admirable breadth and tone (Duke of Devonshire), Terburg's rich drapery and colour (Baron Rothschild), and Paul Potter's animal life and nature (Mr. Wells), the public is indebted to the proprietors to whom we have paid the compliment of putting their names within parentheses. To conclude the ancient masters, there is an *Alcalde* by Velasquez (Mr. James Hall), and a *Portrait* by Vandyke (Earl de la Warr), which will enable the student and connoisseur to estimate their genius. A *Girl and Dove* (Mr. Wells) is a delicious bit of Greuse; and a *Shipwreck* by Vernet (Mr. Angerstein) is distinguished by solid waves, as unlike Backhuysen or Vandervelde as possible.

A very large *Last Supper*, ascribed to B. Ramenghi da Bagnacavalla,—whose worth is pretty nearly in the converse proportion to its size, but is nevertheless a painting well fitted to be seen in an exhibition of this kind,—concludes the catalogue of 112.

A few remarks on the south room of native art, in our next, will finish our index.

THE CITY WELLINGTON STATUE.

As far as can be gathered from the general tone of opinion and voice of society, the exclusive *militariness* of this statue has been much censured, as incongenial with the tribute of a commercial city, and wrongfully placed in connexion with the great mart of commerce and head-quarters of civic authority. With this criticism we entirely agree; and when incurring it the managing committee seem to have led the City to "turn its back upon itself," and stultify its own declared objects in promoting the subscription thus applied. When the matter was originated by Mr. Simpson, the proposal was for an equestrian group on the Southwark side of London Bridge, to commemorate, *inter alia*, the important services rendered by the Duke of Wellington to the metropolis, in promoting the erection of that noble structure, and improving the streets and accesses of its approaches. The proposed site was altered by a stronger muster of citizens inside of the Thames than of those on the other bank, from whom the design emanated; and by the casting vote of the then Lord Mayor, presiding, it was transported across the bridge to the vicinity of the Royal Exchange and Mansion-house. Another double casting vote (one as a member of the committee and another as chairman) given by the succeeding Lord Mayor altered in a similar manner the nomination of the sculptor, took the statue from Mr. Wyatt, from the beginning openly named and supported, and gave it to Sir Francis Chantrey.

Other nearly balanced points in discussion were at length got over, and there the monument stands in its naked dignity to testify to generations unborn—what? the individual greatness of the warrior Wellington!! Not a trace of his services to the City; not a whisper of the City's gratitude for the same; not even so much as Richard III. received from the bottom of the hall. In our judgment this is a bald and injudicious style; and only rendered more strikingly inappropriate by the one-worded record which is directed to be engraved on each side of the pedestal—narrow pedestal! brief inscription! This, too, was carried in the last meeting of the committee by a majority of one; rejecting a legend, which would at least have declared the purpose for which the monument was first proposed, and through all its early stages held up for the public co-operation. It ran thus (or nearly):

To the Famous in Arms,
Arthur,
Duke of Wellington:
In gratitude
For his great Civic Services
To the City of London,
Erected 18th June, 1844.

It may not be too late to reconsider this subject.

NAPOLEON BY COUNT D'ORSAY.

AMONG all the elegant articles in the repository of Messrs. Howell and James, there has just been placed a little work of art, which will attract more attention than all the rest put together. It is an equestrian group of Napoleon, modelled by Count D'Orsay, and executed in bronze or plaster. The cast we have seen is of the former imperishable material, about two feet in height, and exceedingly spirited and beautiful. The man (as is too often the case) is not sacrificed to the animal; but whilst the latter is animated and striking, the former, besides being an admirable likeness, is equally effective from the fine repose and dignity of the figure. The proportions of the whole are accurate and just; the anatomy of the horse well understood and sufficiently developed; and the composition altogether, in size and excellence of sculpture, in taste and finish, exactly such a production as may be an everlasting memorial of a wonderful being, and one of the most brilliant and valuable ornaments of our splendid saloons. We doubt not we shall immediately find copies in many such sites, not only in the rich and noble mansions of England, but in those of France and continental Europe. We advise our readers to visit and inspect it.

Mr. Penrice's Pictures, of which we gave an account in our last Gazette, by their sequent sale established the correctness of our opinion of their merits (see p. 435). The Bassanos, Nos. 1 and 2, brought 70 and 90 guineas. The Cello, No. 3 (bought in), justified our praise by reaching the price of 205 guineas; or five guineas more than No. 7, *The Riposo* (bought by Mr. Morant), which, with its colours as brilliant as glass-painting, left a doubt on our mind upon the imputed authorship of Titian. The charming small Canaletti, No. 4, was also sold for 200 guineas to Mr. Heywood; and the two Van Os, "of the highest order," obtained no less than 190l. and 170 guineas. No. 8, our "first-rate *Hawking Party*," by Wouvermans, cost Mr. Farrer 620 guineas; and No. 9, Teniers' nuptial fête, went at 535l. 10s. to Mr. Nieuwenhuys. No. 10, the "good Gaspar Poussin," 390 gs.; and No. 11, the Claude, with its "cool and refreshing" waters, 760 gs.: it

was purchased by Mr. Dunford. The Teniers, No. 12, which we preferred to the more numerous peopled No. 9, was knocked down to Mr. Farrer at 860 gs., 310 more than the other. The Guidos, Nos. 13 and 14, were 1600 gs., for the National Gallery (whither the former, of which we spoke as the finest academic example of the master, has already been transported); and the *Susannah*, 900 gs., bought in. No. 15, mentioned by us as "one of the most perfect productions of Ostade," was sold for 1310 gs. to Mr. Farrer.—In No. 16, *The Woman taken in Adultery*, ascribed to Titian, we were alone mistaken in our expectation. We presume it has been considered only a copy, as it was bought in at 600 gs. In the Rubens, however, No. 17, we were "all right"—it ranged to 4000 gs.; and, like the Guido, is now in the National Gallery, to which we declared "it should go."

Glyphography, or Engraved Drawing. For Printing at the Type-press after the Manner of Woodcuts: with full Directions for the Use of Artists, Engravers, and Amateurs, and Specimen Illustrations.

A THIRD edition fully explains the use and application of Mr. Palmer's patent; and the specimens are so various and pleasing as to deserve for the publication a place among those ornamental productions which are usually laid on drawing-room tables to beguile the tedious half-hours of the day.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—On Thursday an overflowing house marked the public sense of the merits of Sig. Puzzi, whose benefit it was, and who, both as estimable in private life and as a performer of unrivalled excellence upon the instrument he has made his own, has fully earned the repute in which he is held. The opera was *Anna Bolena*, and the *Percy* was sustained by the new tenor Moriani. His extraordinary power was displayed in most of his music, and the gushes up to the highest pitch of his compass, with rarely a husky or flat note to diminish the effect, were such as we never heard before. Gristi was all that could be desired; and Lablache, Favanti in a minor character, and Giuseppina Rosetti (a pleasing *débüt*), did every thing to raise the opera far above the level of its intrinsic desert.

French Plays.—Albert, Dejazet, and Le-vassor, are bringing to a close these performances with an *éclat* unequalled by the termination of any preceding season. The most brilliant attendances have witnessed the *chefs-d'œuvre* of each of these eminent *artistes*. We congratulate Mr. Mitchell on the success with which his enterprising efforts for the efficient representation of the French plays must have been crowned. Monday is announced as the final evening.

Lyceum.—On Monday, the first dramatic adaptation of *Chuzzlewit* was produced, and with decided success. Everybody has read the work, so it is unnecessary to enter into the details of the plot, though it may be as well to mention, that all the doings in and sayings of America are omitted, and that the *Mark Tapley* of the stage is made a cipher. *Pecksniff* was played by Mr. F. Mathews, and was a capital impersonation; while *Jonas Chuzzlewit*, in the hands of Mr. Emery, was very, but almost disagreeably, faithful. The lights and shades in the character of honest *Tom Pinch* lose much of their effect in representation, but still Mr. Meadows made him an exceedingly interesting character. *Wigan's Tigg Montague* was ex-

cellent; and F. Vining did the little he had to do, as young *Martin*, well. *Nadgett* was quite a feature from the ability displayed by Mr. Turner. *Mary Graham* found a pretty representative in Miss Fortescue; and *Cherry* and *Merry* were rendered as agreeable as possible by Mrs. Wigan and Miss Woolgar; but the *Keeleys*—the lady in top-boots, and the gentleman in petticoats—the first with the impudence of young *Bailey*, and the second with the oddities of *Sairey Gamp*, were the attraction of the play, which was entirely successful, as it deserved to be, for the able exertions of the actors and for the attention paid to its dressing and decoration. Judging from the applause with which it was received throughout, there can be no doubt of its becoming a great favourite at the Lyceum. It has been dramatised by Mr. Stirling, and was introduced to the public by a prologue (spoken with great *naïveté* by Mrs. Keeley) from the humorous pen of Albert Smith.

Hanover-Square Rooms.—The musical fame of Dr. F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy and of Mr. Ernst, heightened by the liberal and generous conduct of the latter on a recent occasion, attracted a numerous audience to Ernst's morning concert, yesterday week. And never had audience a higher gratification. The selection and execution of the music were admirable. Ernst himself played five times; and no one with a grain of harmony in their composition could ever weary of the tones of his violin. The concert opened with a fine quartett (Mendelssohn), two violins, viola, and violoncello, played by Messrs. Ernst, Goffrie, Hill, and Hausmann; besides other excellences it contained a beautiful movement *andante cantabile* in G major. In addition to this quartett, the first part of the performances included songs by Miss Dolby and Herr Staudigl; a fantasia, by Ernst; and a grand sonata in A minor (Beethoven), piano-forte and violin, played by Moscheles and Ernst. To all these, and also to the selections for the second part, more individual praise than we have space for is due. With this general laudatory sentence, however, we cannot conclude. We must make especial mention of Bach's harmonious composition for three piano-fortes, splendidly performed by Moscheles, Mendelssohn, and Döhler; and Macfarren's song, *The Wrecker's Life*, most spiritedly sung by Staudigl.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPHS.

DISTANCE must certainly lend enchantment to the view; since, this week, our newspapers contain long accounts from the *New York Sun*, of the working of the Electric Telegraph between Baltimore and Washington, just as if that between the Paddington Station and Slough were too close to us to be known. There it has been, however, at work for a number of weeks; and any one may witness, or even employ, its extraordinary operations on the payment of small fees for admission or use. It is in daily and hourly communication; and when the Court is at Windsor, the interchange of messages is as rapid as if the Queen were at Buckingham Palace. When the Emperor of Russia visited it, Mr. Wheatstone, under whose admirable superintendence it has been erected and is conducted, sent to Slough the question—"Is all prepared at Windsor for the reception of the Emperor of Russia?" and the answer was returned—"Every thing is quite ready!" The transmission of both occupied *sixty-eight seconds*!

A short time ago we spent an hour most profitably and interestingly in experimenting with the several kinds of telegraphs which Mr. Wheatstone has established—for his improvements are very important on the original invention—in one case employing Electricity and magnetic needles deviating from the parallelism of the current, in another Electro-Magnetism; in one every letter of the alphabet spelling the words, in another figures, as in the old mode of signals, with several variations of method, which must be seen to have their value understood—such as having a single wire, or more, as the nature of the apparatus and power require. The results are wonderful. In three seconds the attention of the person engaged at Slough is called for, and a notice that he is attending sent back; then any message whatever is delivered by turning the letters which compose it in succession, on a radial metallic wheel bearing the alphabet, to the position at which the circuit is completed, and the particular letter indicated in the groove of a slide above, at both ends of the telegraph. At the close of every word a cross is inserted; and at the close of the sentence two crosses. There is no possibility of error; and should aught not very intelligible occur, there is an instant stop and rectification. Thus, as fast as one could, with ordinary deliberation, spell the words and sentences, they pass this distance of thirty-six miles, eighteen one way and eighteen the other. In one instance the effect is rendered more striking by the transmission, not of signs but of sounds. Our Slough (as Mr. W. pronounced it, our *Slow*) correspondent was desired to "Ring the bell;" and before the last *l* was visible upon the board, the bell in the little room at Paddington was rung in our ears by the magnetic touch of Slough! The wires, as all who have travelled by the Great Western can see, are carried along a succession of posts in the open air, by the side of the railway, and so disposed, that any accident to which they are liable would be at once detected, confined to a limited division, and readily repaired. If carried under ground these advantages would be lost; the whole line would be affected, and it would cost much trouble to discover where the evil had occurred, and to apply its remedy.

As we have hinted, it is impossible by mere description to convey an adequate idea of this magical process; and astonishment will augment, when it is considered that a similar communication will soon be formed between London and Portsmouth; and that there will be no obstacle to doing the same between London and Edinburgh, when one minute will suffice for intercourse between the capitals of England and Scotland! Then there is no interruption of weather, as in the signal telegraphs; in mist and in darkness, as completely as in sunshine and light, the Electric current flies as swiftly as the lightning's flash, but to instruct, and not to destroy man, who has become master of the mighty element, and compelled it (*Prospero-like*) to do his service. From London to Edinburgh will be some 400 miles of rail; and when we send to the modern Athens (how it would astonish the greatest philosopher of the ancient Grecian city to be told of it!) for the news of the hour, we shall have it in two or three minutes by Return of many thousand Posts.

The Irish Society—announced in our last (p. 438)—has been launched into existence under very favourable and promising auspices. The Marquis of Clanricarde presided at the

meeting, which was addressed in a singularly judicious, patriotic, and eloquent speech by Mr. E. Tennent, in moving the first resolution, which was seconded by Gen. Caulfield. Lord Rossmore, a prime mover of the design, was unfortunately absent in consequence of a family concern; but Lord Castlereagh, Lord Trimleston, Sir D. Norreys, Capt. Taylor, Mr. M. J. O'Connell, Mr. Chapman, Mr. Grogan (Irish members), Mr. R. Bell, Mr. F. Mahony, Major Moore, and other distinguished individuals, came forward on the occasion, and carried the proceedings to the desired issue,—the formation of an Irish society for social and intellectual intercourse in the British metropolis. We hope there will never be mooted a Repeal of this Union; which a select committee was nominated to establish. In the evening there was a dinner, to which seventy members sat down. Mr. Tennent, Mr. Percy Bankes, Dr. Croly, Mr. M'Dougal the sculptor, and Mr. Bell, were among the speakers called up by the toasts; and a harmonious evening was spent, which we trust may be considered as a happy commencement of innumerable assemblies where Irishmen (with a sprinkling of such friendly English and Scots as they may please to elect into their body) will cultivate good fellowship with each other, join in promoting the literature and arts of their country, and be lavish of national sympathies, totally irrespective of difference in politics and creeds.

THE DEAN OF ELY.

A SPLENDID service of plate was presented on Wednesday to Dr. Peacock, senior tutor, Trinity College, Cambridge, by several noblemen and gentlemen, pupils of the dean, after a dinner at the Thatched House. It consisted of a centre-piece, four side-dishes, chased with views of the College, and a pair of wine-coolers. The former, bearing the figures of Newton, Barrow, and Bacon, was inscribed as follows:—"To the Very Rev. George Peacock, D.D. F.R.S., Dean of Ely, and Loundean Professor, Cambridge, during a residence of thirty years, successively scholar, fellow, and senior tutor, of Trinity College, this service of plate is given by the subscribers educated at that royal foundation, not only in testimony of his rare endowments, scientific and literary, but as a lasting memorial of esteem for his private worth, and to record their grateful sense of his services to all who came within the sphere of that mild and persuasive influence, which added dignity and grace to academic authority by winning the confidence and gaining the affections of those who were taught, by happy experience, to consider and value him as their adviser and personal friend, as well as their intellectual guide; and who must ever feel the memory of his counsel and active kindness an additional tie binding them to Trinity College, with which foundation his name is associated in respect and honour. June 10, 1844." The amount collected was considerable, although the subscription was limited to two guineas. The president, the Marquis of Granby, prefaced the presentation with an appropriate eulogy; and Dr. Peacock replied with much feeling. We rejoice exceedingly at this so well-deserved testimonial of talent and of worth. All who have ever been in intercourse with the Dean of Ely, either as friend, pupil, acquaintance, or casual sojourner, will at once acknowledge his high attainments and ready courtesy. Such rare endowments, scientific and literary, and such mild manners and bounteous benevolence, are seldom so happily blended in the same individual.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE FUNERAL OF CAMPBELL.

WHEN England's shore lay wild and dark,
Save the far beacon's misty spark,
Like mourners round the funeral bark,
The waves came rolling solemnly.

And all the winds were breathless bow'd,
With woe too lasting to be loud,
As lay the Bard within his shroud,
When waves were rolling solemnly.

While slow the funeral vessel swept,
Hope knelt, where cold her minstrel slept,
And o'er that brow of genius wept
The tears of immortality.

The flag that England's valour bore
Mid ocean-blast and battle's roar,
When left the hearse that wailing shore,
Droop'd mid the death-gloom drearily.

Mourn, hapless Hohenlinden, mourn!
Thy bard to dust and darkness borne,
Whose voice can never more return
To breathe the hymn of liberty.

Mourn, mourn for him, Britannia's isle,
Whose harp is left, and mute the while,
That sang "The Baltic" and "The Nile,"
With Nelson's fame exultingly!

Years, years shall roll, and stars may throng
Around the classic heaven of song,
But never Fame hear one prolong
Thy lofty strain of minstrelsy.

'Tis morn; the sunlit clouds have thrown
A solemn grandeur half their own
O'er abbey-aisle and sculptured stone,
Where England's dead rest gloriously.

There, mid the mightiest bards of earth,
The few that centuries gave to birth,
All crown'd around with classic worth,
Our Campbell sleeps eternally.

Though darkness wrap the poet's mould
Till time hath heaven's distances unroll'd,
Still future ages shall behold
The bard of Hope's ascendancy.

CHARLES SWAIN.

VARIETIES.

Academy of Sciences: sitting of July 1st.—Mr. Murchison was elected corresponding member to the mineralogical and geological section in succession to the late M. de Moll. The names sent in by the section were M.M. Murchison, Hausmann, J. De Charpentier, Boué, De Dechen, Freiesleben, Naumann, Studer, Hitchcock, De la Beche, Greenough, Lyell, Sedgwick, A. Sisonoda, and Keilhaus. Out of 41 votes, 27 were given to Mr. Murchison, 7 to M. Fournet of Lyons, 3 to Mr. Sedgwick, 3 to M. Charpentier, and 1 to M. Freiesleben.—M. Victor Mauvais discovered on the night of the 7th instant a new comet in the constellation Hercules.—*Paris Letter.*

Col. Stoddart and Capt. Conolly.—We grieve to see it stated in the *Delhi Gazette* of May 4, and quoted in the latest No. we have received of the *Bombay Times*, that "a man, lately arrived from Bokhara direct, confirms the assertion so frequently made that Messrs. Conolly and Stoddart have certainly suffered death. But (adds this account) the most extraordinary part of the communication of the person alluded to is, that though certain of the death of Conolly and Stoddart, he is equally sure that there is at the present time a European officer at Bokhara, disguised as to dress, &c.; and we have heard it surmised by one whose authority is good, that it is a gentleman of the name of Hart, belonging to the Bombay service, who is, we are credibly informed, known to have passed from Bahawalpore across to the Indus up to Peshawur, and thence into central India, under the garb of a Jew, during the year 1843."

Royal Academy.—The House of Commons was counted out on Tuesday whilst Mr. Hume was moving for parliamentary inquiry into the affairs and ministrations of the Royal Academy.

The Waverley Ball on Monday night went off with all the éclat we anticipated; and produced

a fund (about 1000*l.*) sufficient, with what has already been subscribed in London, to complete the Edinburgh monument to Sir Walter Scott.

Mr. Leigh Hunt.—The newspapers state a very generous act on the part of the young successor to the Shelley estate, Sir F. P. Shelley, the son of the poet and the friend of Hunt. In pursuance of the expressed wish of his father that he might have it in his power to do something for the later years of Mr. Hunt, the present baronet, on succeeding to his grandfather, immediately settled an annuity of 130*l.* per annum on Mr. and Mrs. Hunt. We never had to record a circumstance more pleasurable to our mind, more graceful and feeling in the donor, more honourable to literature, or more opposed to the cold and cruel treatment which its votaries too generally experience from an inconsiderate, selfish, and ungrateful world.

The Will of the Poet Campbell has been proved. It states that his son (as we mentioned in our last) is provided for; and leaves his property, valued under 2000*l.*, to his niece Mary Campbell.

Model of Venice.—This elaborate model, the beautiful work of many years, and the exhibition of which we noticed as affording an admirable idea of the city of the sea, was this week sold (under a distress for rent) by auction, and bought by the proprietor of the Surrey Zoological Gardens for thirty guineas!

Caricatures.—Of three novelties by H.B., the most uncommon is the flight of Dædalus and Icarus (Sir R. Peel and Mr. Gladstone), who are flying like swallows to the sun of free trade, leaving chartism and radicalism, and torism and conservatism, on the opposite shores of the straits below. The figures are very funny; whilst in "The pas de fascination," from the ballet of Alma, that of Sir James Graham fascinating Sir R. Inglis, Lord Ashley, Lord Mahon, Mr. Liddell, and Sir T. Acland, is a *chef-d'œuvre*. Arion saved by the Dolphin,—Sir R. Peel, with his harp, sailing safely on the back of Dolphin Bright, personifying the Anti-Corn-law League,—is the third; and a very clever and original thought and composition.

Tweedell's Yorkshire Miscellany.—No I. is acknowledged with thanks. Its merits in prose and verse, its extreme cheapness as a quarterly periodical, ought to recommend it beyond the sphere of the three ridings; despite the rather objectionable epistle which occupies the 19th and 20th pages. Every local or provincial work of this kind, if put together with like talent, serves something towards the grand purpose of diffusing a taste for literature; and there is no saying where a seed may light to spring up a goodly tree hereafter.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mad. Julia Meulien (who translated Mrs. Somerville's *Connexion of the Physical Sciences* and *Lyell's Elements of Geology*) is, we learn, going on with the translation of the large work of the latter, the *Principles of Geology*, and under the auspices of M. Arago.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

An Elementary Treatise on Algebra, Theoretical and Practical, by J. Thomson, LL.D., 12mo, 5s.—Elementary Education: the Importance of its Extension in our own Country, by H. Edwards, D.D., 8vo, 5s.—Providence: a Poem, with Miscellaneous Pieces, by H. Edwards, D.D., Vol. 1., 12mo, 7s.—*Picturesque Antiquities of Ipswich*, Parts I. and II., royal fol., 3s. each.—The History of John Marten: a Sequel to Henry Milner, by Mrs. Sherwood, 12mo, 7s. 6d.—Lent Lectures, preached at Christ's Church, Chelsea, Feb. 3s. 6d.—Treatise on the Eye, by Wm. Jeaffreson, 8vo, 10s. 6d.—The Mysteries of Paris, by Eugene Sue, 12mo, 5s.—The Poetry of Real Life, by H. Ellison, 12mo, 6s.—Sermons on Various Subjects, by Rev. J. Simpson, 8vo, 4s. 6d.—Sermons, by Samuel Wilberforce, 12mo, 7s.—Abbey Church: or, Self-Control and Self-Conceit, 12mo, 4s. 6d.—Drexelius on Eternity, new edit., by H. P. Dunster, fcp. 5s.—The Christian's Mirror of Duty to God and Man, 18mo, 2s. 6d.—Beau-

mont and Fletcher's Works, by Dyce, Vol. VI., 8vo, 12s.—The Field of Honour; or, Scenes in the Nineteenth Century, by Anne Plunders, 12mo, 5s.—Pegge's Anecdotes of the English Language, 3d edit. by the Rev. H. Christmas, 8vo, 12s.—Walter Clayton: a Tale of the Gordon Riots, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1l. 11s. 6d.—The Home-Treasury: Alphabet of Quadrupeds, 4s. 7d.—Martin Chuzzlewit, by C. Dickens, 8vo, 21s. 6d.—The Birthday: a Tale for the Young, 12mo, 5s.—Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, 3 vols. 8vo, 18s.—Latin Synonyms and Phrases, by the Rev. E. Reddall, 18mo, 2s. 6d.—View of the Coal-Trade of the North of England, by M. Dunn, 8vo, 7s.—Supplement to the London Catalogue of Books, from 1839 to 1844, 8vo, 9s.—Hints to Promote a Life of Faith, 12mo, 4s. 6d.

DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.
[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1844.	h. m. a.	1844.	h. m. a.
July 13 . . .	12 5 24.0	July 17 . . .	12 5 48.5
14 . . .	5 30.8	18 . . .	5 33.3
15 . . .	5 37.8	19 . . .	5 57.6
16 . . .	5 43.1		

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to postpone An Amateur's letter on equestrian pedestals till next week.
Veritas's description of the cloud-(king?) phenomena near Market Harborough would we think, elicit any philosophical explanation.
MRATUM.—In the first col. of last No., line 22, for "is read" are."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HODGSON AND ABBOTT'S EAST INDIA
PALE ALE.—E. ABBOTT, the sole surviving partner of this long-established Establishment, informs the public that this Beer, so strongly recommended by the Faculty, not being sold to the trade, can only be procured at the Brewery, New Street, City Office, 95 Gracechurch Street.

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HENDRIE'S MOUSHAIR is the most beneficial extract of oleaginous substances for maintaining the beauty and luxuriance of the Hair, having also a delightful perfume.
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HENDRIE'S COLD CREAM of ROSE, prepared in great perfection.
EMBRUO SCARFING, DRESS, for removing greasy spots from silks.
HENDRIE'S MARINO LIX, for Linen, to be used without preparation, 1s. a bottle.

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